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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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APRIL 7, 1980

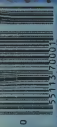
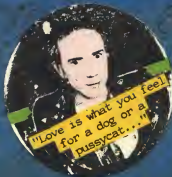
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The northern man's burden

By Paul Koring

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's second coming brought an abrupt end to the Yukon's nine-month visit to *Parliament Island*. For a while, there, the territory had basked in the promise of self-government, since one of the few clerical positions left by the Clark government during its brief term was the deputy assistant provincial head to the Yukon. Under the Progressive Conservatives, the power of the Yukon's commissioner was slashed, executive authority was placed in the hands of the Yukon legislature, and a referendum on provincialhood was promised.

There is no doubt that things will be different under the Trudeau administration. The prime minister's most definitive statement to date about Yukon provincialhood was a blunt "not in my lifetime." Yet the northern territories cannot simply remain federal colonies. While Canada proudly defends the right of human republics all over the globe to control their own destinies, Ottawa practices its own brand of dying 19th-century colonialism north of the 60th parallel. The territorial government has no control over non-renewable resources, royalties from exports, and any legislation passed in Whitehorse or Yellowknife is subject to veto by the federally appointed commissioners. In turn, the commissioners are responsible only to the minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. It is the only reposed position with specific geographical responsibility. Like any remote location, Ottawa sees the seeds of resentment and anger among the northern colonials. The light-fisted federal land policy is a case in point. Prohibited by laws that compromise their actual ownership of a piece of the beautiful wilderness they call home, many Yukoners simply resort to the time-honoured custom of squatting; and the federal offerings of leased cottage lots are hardly satisfactory. Meanwhile, unlike most other Canadians who have relatively stable government, northerners are preparing to deal with their sixth minister in as many years. Too often these ministers are unfamiliar with the North, its people and needs, and none that one has shown a distinct reluctance to make anything but the briefest of visits.

Furthermore, the arguments against equal status for the territories are old, tired and generally without substance. Northerners simply can't accept that they are too few, too rich or too inaccessible to be denied self-government. Manitoba had a smaller population when it joined Confederation, Alberta was admitted without control of its natural resources, and a few days spent in any legislative chamber across the country should be enough to dispel the notion that northerners don't possess the necessary

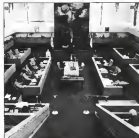
political majority to control their own affairs.

Yukoners have been trying to shake their colonial shackles since the Klondikers streamed into the territory during the 1898 gold rush. Since then provincialhood has been a rallying cry for editorialists and politicians of all stripes. For Yukoners there is no doubt that the territory must eventually become a province; it is simply a question of when. Yet there is a strong dissension in the Yukon at the moment, a feeling that while self-government is the end, provincialhood must come in an orderly fashion, after consultation with the citizenry. Erik Nielsen, the Yukon's Conservative MP who was the driving force behind his party's willingness to grant provincialhood to the Yukon, was headlining into this attitude in the Feb. 18 election. He only just held on to his "red" seat in the face of a strong challenge from the popular former Yukon commissioner, late Christensen. Yukoners were unwilling to simply go along with the Turner poll-and-rush to provincialhood.

But like many other Yukoners, Christensen realizes that the beleaguered state of Canada's federal fabric makes honoring the 11th promise in the current Confederation a moral blessing, and other political ideas are in the wind. Some were focused, such as the all-but-abolished demand of the Cree Indians for an entirely separate state. The Inuit want their own territory of Nunavut, while the Council for Yukon Indians has topped with the idea of a bi-level Yukon legislature with Indians guaranteed a certain number of seats. The other half of Nielsen's conservative tag team in the fight for provincialhood, Yukon government leader Chris Pearson, wants a "new" kind of provincialhood. It is a vague vision of responsible government within a new federal framework, one designed to allow greater independence for all regions of Canada.

For Ottawa mandarins and Big Street politicians, who are just putting over the massive concentration caused by cowboy boots crowding the corridors of power, any such change is a risky move. Under the existing colonial system the vast underexplored potential of the North, particularly its energy resources, are controlled by Ottawa. However, it may be too much to expect Ottawa to relinquish its all-powerful control over the core part of the nation when it can still call the shots with impunity. Yet treating the North as a federal closet to be opened and plundered at will is becoming increasingly intolerable. Northerners, both white and Indian, have had enough of being ruled by distant masters while priorities are distinctly at variance with their own.

Paul Koring is a writer with extensive experience in the Yukon.



Yukon legislature. Ottawa's colonialism.

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Quebec's long and lonely journey

By Robert M. Fowler

I believe Quebec is a treasured and essential part of Canada and that sovereignty-association would not serve the interests of either Quebecers or other Canadians. It is a system that is probably cost-effective and, if achieved with great difficulty after long delays, it would quickly become unworkable. History, tradition and the self-interest of Canadians in all provinces compel the choice of a renewed federal system for governing the close and friendly relations that must continue to exist between Quebecers and people in other parts of Canada.

However, sovereignty-association is a legally and politically impossible to achieve in the way proposed by the Parti Québécois. Its leader has repeatedly said he does not want "to break our union with the rest of Canada." On Oct. 10, 1988, he said, "There is no question in our mind of obtaining sovereignty first and then negotiating association afterwards." Sovereignty and association must materialize without a break and at the same time. In December, 1979, René Lévesque released the proposed text of the referendum question which was under debate in the Quebec national assembly until last week. It asks Quebecers to give the government "the mandate to negotiate" an agreement with the rest of Canada which would provide for Quebec sovereignty and "at the same time maintain with Canada an economic association including a common currency." Any change in political status resulting from the negotiations is not to occur until it has been approved specifically in a second referendum.

This proposed procedure ignores basic legal and political facts and any mandate to negotiate the agreement envisioned in this complicated referendum question would be impossible to carry out, while Quebec remains a part of Canada. There can be no agreement to be submitted in a second referendum.

Sovereignty—which is an expression for separation—could be chosen by Quebecers, if a valid majority favored it in response to a clear and honest question in a referendum. It is unthinkable that there should be an independent country would be created by force. But an economic association can only be created by agreement and any agreement requires at least two parties legally competent to contract. At the present time, the second party to the proposed agreement does not exist. The "rest of Canada" is not a legal entity and the leaders of its constituent parts have no power or authority to negotiate an economic arrangement with a Quebec that is still a province in the Canadian federation. All Canadian governments were elected to discharge the responsibilities assigned to them in the present constitution. The federal government, containing many MPs and Senators from Quebec, has no constitu-

tutional authority to speak for the "rest of Canada." The other provincial governments have no authority to negotiate an economic association with a Quebec that might sometime in the future decide to become independent.

This is not to say that Quebec independence is impossible to achieve or that ultimately an economic agreement between a separated Quebec and a reconstituted "Canada" is unobtainable by legal and valid means. But sovereignty and association cannot be obtained "without a break and at the same time" as the PQ proposes.

Separation must take place first, and as a separate act. If Quebecers choose independence, an amendment of the British North America Act by the British Parliament would have to be requested by Canada. A request for such a fundamental change requires the consent of the central and provincial governments. Mr. Lévesque and other Quebec leaders have been the most ardent in insisting that amendments to the basic constitution require unanimous consent of the provinces. In the unlikely event that the other nine provinces agreed to a Quebec decision to separate and to stay together as a country, there would have to be extensive changes in the structures of both the Quebec government and those of "Canada"—a reconstituted House of Commons and Senate with no Quebec members, a new Supreme Court, the withdrawal of federal institutions and services from Quebec and their replacement by Quebec services and many other complicated changes in "Canada." Also in Quebec new departments and institutions would have to be created to discharge functions that are now federal responsibilities. Only then would Quebec become legally sovereign and independent. Only then would the rest of Canada become a legally entity capable of negotiating an economic association.

I believe that all Canadian governments are ready to work constructively together to develop a new Canadian federal system that will produce strong regional governments and a strong central government, making a strong country that will serve the interests of all Canadians and enable Canada to play a valuable role in world affairs. But, inevitably, if Quebecers were to decide to break up the Canadian union and seek an economic deal with a reconstituted "Canada," the negotiators for "Canada" would enter the discussion in a resentful and antagonistic mood. The chances that an agreement beneficial to both new countries would result are very slight indeed.

If Quebecers choose to march down the road toward sovereignty-association and to reach it by constitutional means, they face a long and lonely journey into an uncertain future. Robert M. Fowler, chairman of the executive committee of C.D. Howe Research Institute, has just completed a book tentatively called *A Guide to the Canadian Constitution*.



'Sovereignty-association is legally and politically impossible as proposed by the Parti Québécois'

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Games people play across the North

By Paul Koring

The face of Alaska's Abe Ito betrayed none of the pain searing through his upper arms and shoulders. His body stayed rigid, legs and arms outstretched. Only a trace of muscular strain rippled beneath his smooth, brown skin as he cleared the limit of his endurance. He was being carried feet down by three men while holding himself rigidly in the shape of an airplane and supported only at wrists and ankles. His bearers moved along agonizingly slowly until finally, with an almost primal gasp, he collapsed 86 feet 11 inches from the starting line. Four feet further than his nearest rival and enough for a gold medal.

In a sport little changed since the first race to the broken expanse which reaches across the top of the continent and extends northward to the Pole, Ito is supreme. But his victory last January came not at a traditional gathering of two or three nomadic families in an oversized igloo built for testing their skills. Instead, he won it at the hottest



Snowshoers, Fox One Foot High Kick, concentration, pain and endurance

Arctic Winter Games against competitors from across the North, on the polished hard wood floor of the Old Recreation Centre in Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon. No matter. The ceremonial spirit of a traditional gathering remained more important than even the intensity of the competition.

Most sports are the highlight of the Arctic Winter Games. Ancient Inuit games of individual concentration, persistence and endurance, sports that require little space and are well suited to the cramped traditional dwellings of native Northerners. Sports totally unfamiliar to most Canadians, like the One Foot High Kick, the Knuckle Hop, the Bear Pull and Inu's specialty, the Airplane. Along with hockey, snowshoeing, figure skating, cross-country skiing and a half dozen other events, they comprise the Arctic Winter Games where every two years competitors gather from Alaska, the Northwest Territories and the Yukon.

This year, nearly 1,000 athletes converged on Whitehorse for the sixth Arctic Winter Games. For Northerners it is a chance to shed the burden of a long winter, to meet old friends and to compete on a level that has all but been lost in the sophisticated complexity which shrouds most international events. The athletes' arrival and the opening cere-

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musicians were pure Yukon. Klondike's Whitehorse residents met incoming jet charters from across the North as they arrived in the winter darkness. As soon as he stepped off the plane, N.W.T. Commissioner John Parker was immediately grabbed by a group of anxious Jacques who, in the self-appointed role of a mock police force, tossed him into an open car in wheels and dragged him downtown behind a truck. Federal Minister of Labor and Sports Gerald Regan, whose decision to pass up the opening of the Games in favor of an old timer's hockey tournament in Vancouver stirred some Yukon-



Games mascot, last performers, canoe dancers, shedding the burden of winter

ers, was nevertheless met by canoeists dancers and presented with a kiss by a woman clad only in Klondike-era undergarments.

Then, under the light of a thousand sparklers, the athletes marched in the ceremonial parade to the opening of the Games on the banks of the Yukon River beside the white-faced St. Lawrence 8.5 Klondike. The Midnight Sun Race's blizzed gapers, their faces blue in the cold, accompanied them while the Games mascot, a three-month-old Malamute pup, frolics his paws and had to be carried to the opening by a basket. Only Parks Canada with its motherly concern for the safety of the historic Stenshoelter rejected a four rate. Neither the torch bearers nor the Games ceremonial flame were allowed to board despite promises from Games organizers to ring the platform with fire extinguishers.

Although the Games have existed in an informal sense for many years in the North of course, the organized version dates only from 1967 when Northerners, tired of seeing their towns consistently threatened at national meets by provinces with vastly larger populations and relatively better facilities, decided to create



their own Games. Held every two years since 1970, with Alaska, the N.W.T., the Yukon and Quebec (which dropped out of the Games in 1978) taking turns hosting the week-long event, the Games have become a Northern tradition in their own right. While outside in the shape of triangular tent, scrapping known called who are awarded, the keynote of the Games is participation—and so far at least it remains more than simply an empty Olympic platitude.

Even before the official opening the two most sacred sports were well underway—pin-twisting between members of opposing towns, and flag-sticking. It is an accepted ritual that no flag will remain unstaked by the time the sub-

into hand home. This behavior is accepted and understood, all a part of the Klondikean looking all Northerners, whether Canadian or American. They share feelings of isolation and pride in living on the hard frontier, along with the frustrations of being detained to by far-away federal bureaucrats.

The result is a can-do attitude and a remarkable ability to circumvent red tape. According to Games regulations the Yukon's cross-country ski coach, Marie Breen, 52, was required to have a driver's license to be part of the team's staff. Not surprisingly Breen, who is from the tiny Indian village of Old Crow where there is but one short road and only half a dozen vehicles, didn't have one. So the Yukon government discreetly arranged to lend her a car from its own vehicle pool and Breen arrived in Whitehorse a couple of weeks early to learn to drive. The situation was further complicated when she borrowed another car while taking her test, still in the government car. But the loan was extended for another week of practice and she passed the second time. Even the Department of Corrections joined in the spirit of making exceptions to the rule and allowed a young man on the Yukon's One Foot High Kick team to have a practice stand set up in the pub's gym while he served a two-week sentence for impaired driving. He may also have been the only skater at the games with a private chauffeur to take him to his event. For the Yukon's *chef de mission*, Pam Carson, there were not the least of the headaches in preparing her athletes for the Games. One promising member of her snowshoeing squad sent her a note explaining with a simple finicky why he wouldn't be able to compete: "Dear Pam Carson I go in games I shot my foot."

Yet through it all Whitehorse, with only 15,476 residents, prepared for the Games with typical Northern community spirit. A local society chaired by John Owens, business co-ordinator of Foothills Pipe Lines Limited, gathered 480 volunteers to organize the Games. Whitehorse students got the work off while classes were turned into dormitories. A catering firm geared up to cook 3,800 meals a day in the Yukon Indian Centre. A thousand sleeping bags were loaned in for the athletes and a special phone system, media centre and results office were established. So much of the organization was run by volunteers that only three people were on the Games payroll last opening day. And is an area when cost overruns are almost de rigueur for international games, the Yukon's committee has spent only three-quarters of its \$400,000 budget. Games manager Mike Nelson credits "Klondikean community spirit" and Owens notes that not a single major

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capital expense was required for the Games. Even the steel podium holding the three-ringed Games symbol and the ceremonial torch were built by welders at the local Whistler's copper mine.

Not the friendship among athletes and the sense of camaraderie of the community doesn't diminish the fierceness of competition. Victor Singsak from Baker Lake, N.W.T., a competitor in the Fast Pull—an in-lane sport in which participants link ears with a loop of twine and then pull steadily away until one succumbs from pain—tore a hole in his ear, which later required six stitches, before giving in. In the One Foot High Kick, in which competitors leap to strike with one foot a tiny target suspended overhead before landing back on the same foot, seven entrants bettered the old record and an incredible new height of eight feet eight inches was established by an Alaskan kicker. The Yukon's 19-year-old Steve Helo astonished spectators with his six-foot-10-inch kick despite his diminutive size and then explained with the air of a seasoned veteran, "You just have to believe you can do it." Lady Laramie, a five-foot-one Alaskan, also made her mark as the first woman ever to compete in the One Foot High Kick in the Arctic sports segment of the Games.

Non-sporting events ruled out the Games. Whores from the old Alaskan capital, Sitka, performed Russian folk dances, as did the Mackenzie Delta Dancers from the N.W.T., all of whom are in their 60s and 70s, an age display was prepared and a consensus film festival organized—a special treat for athletes from the most remote settlements. Delighted to be at the Games, which attract few spectators from "outside," was Rex Payton, an Englishman who has followed them for nine years and finally made the immediate trip to attend. He arrived with a stock of British supplies to trade and was promptly made an honorary Team Yukon member and given a special Games parka. That type of camaraderie typifies the Games. Although the athletes come from as far away as Prosser Bay on Baffin Island and the tiny communities on the Alaskan Bering Sea coast, the sense of gathering and sharing the resources demonstrates of northernness remains. Alaska's Arctic sports coach Reggie Jenks describes the Games as a chance "to play, to share and to pass on traditional skills."

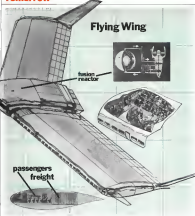
Certainly the North, with its deep divisions between native and white, development and environmentalist, needs to sustain the collective spirit motivated by the Games. And as for making the culture of the North's original people into a continuous heritage, Jenks says dryly: "It's a hell of a lot better than keeping it as the archives." □

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Flying ahead

It's not a bird, and it's not a plane. Want a remote, it is an airplane—although strictly a hypothetical one. It's called the "flying wing." It runs on nuclear power, and according to H.W. Wathington, vice-president of engineering for the U.S.A.'s Boeing Corporation, it might take flight within the next 60 years. Wathington described the flying wing in a privately circulated futurological brochure to the aviation industry. Concerned are transportation

In the next three decades necessarily gigantic, due to the mass of the nuclear reactor and its protective shielding, it would weigh more than one million pounds (three times as much as a Boeing 747), carry 624,000 pounds of freight as well as 1,700 passengers, and fly for 10,000 hours without refueling.

Whether or not Withington is entirely serious about his flying wing, he addresses a critically serious problem for the aviation industry—the energy crunch of soaring costs and shrinking supplies of jet A-1, as a typical example. Just as aviation fuel costs rose from 19

per cent of the operating budget in 1968 to 20 per cent in 1979. But the issue of cost becomes almost secondary when you consider that, as Worthington observes, "at some future time jet fuels will simply run out."

The airplane manufacturers are currently juggling with a whole slew of energy-saving technologies to conserve existing fuel supplies. Computerized flight management systems will determine speed and altitude and save fuel through more accurate navigation. Computer balancing systems will allow planes to fly on otherwise unstable lighter-weight wings, perhaps even aerodynamically efficient sawtooth wings. Lighter building materials will become the rule. One airplane currently under development, the Lear Jet turbo-prop, may offer a glimpse of the future. It has plastic wings and an airframe of graphite and epoxy, half as heavy as aluminum and twice as strong.

In the long run, though, airplanes may have to run on entirely different types of fuel. Withington's nuclear pow-

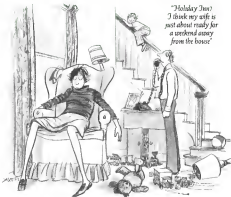
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ened aircraft in one possibility, although it will have to wait for the production of lightweight, portable reactors, which might be developed by the turn of the century. A more immediate candidate is liquid hydrogen (Lockheed's March 3, 1980), the fuel that powered the National Aeronautics and Space Agency's space program. Liquid hydrogen could be used in existing airplanes with relatively minor modifications, mainly the addition of larger fuel tanks. The amount of liquid hydrogen required to provide the same energy value as conventional jet fuel weighs only a third as much, but occupies four times the space. The Lockheed-California Corporation has calculated that a hydrogen-powered supersonic jet would use 40 percent less energy than one running on kerosene jet fuel.

Supersonic jets again? The faces of Concorde notwithstanding, the major U.S. airplane manufacturers are still bullish on supersonic flight. "Historically," points out McDonnell Douglas spokesman Jack Cooke, "speed has always been important in aviation. We believe that there will be a demand for supersonic transport." And Cooke's company is ready to meet it, with plans for an advanced supersonic transport near the state of Colorado, which could be in service 20 years from now. But the huge development costs involved would require some pooling of efforts between the companies or with the U.S. government, he says.

But supersonic is no longer the ultimate goal—it's now hypersonic speed. Lockheed sees the ship beyond supersonic as a plane streaking from Tokyo to Los Angeles at 4,000 mph in two hours 18 minutes. And if that isn't fast enough, Cooke speculates that the next century may bring "suborbital" ballistic rocket flights that would travel from Toronto to Tokyo in 38 minutes.

Here's talk. But these visions of ever-accelerating airplanes heading out into a wide, open aviation frontier have a newly old-fashioned ring, noted as they are in a more expensive, pre-1980 past. The real shape of things to come may be a good deal less dramatic. Lockheed is seriously studying plans for a period of the large turbo-prop passenger airplane—an airplane, that is, driven the old-fashioned way, with propellers, although at arm-blasted speeds. Using modern gas turbine engine technology, such an airplane would arrive at speeds rivaling the modern jet, with 20 per cent better fuel efficiency. It's not a particularly exciting notion, at least, not when compared to supersonic and hypersonic flight. But in an era of mounting limitations, it makes undeniable sense.

Andrew Weiner

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Letters

How to increase your word power

After reading Allan Fotheringham's column (*In Which the Scrabble Society's Jennifer Scrabble Dismantles*, Jan. 28), I am sure that your readers would be interested in learning that Mr. Fotheringham himself is mentioned—and not very favorably—in 17 times in *Following the Leader: A Media Watcher's Diary of Campaign '79* by Clive Cocking. Perhaps this additional information (which could have been included in the column) will put Mr. Fotheringham's review of *Following the Leader* in better perspective. I will let the readers of Clive Cocking's book judge for themselves why Mr. Fotheringham wrote such a review and also why he feared it necessary to break the book's publication date by three weeks. In addition, Mr. Fotheringham did not read a finished copy of the book, but uncorrected galley proofs which were not even sent to him. I find it hard to believe that he was justifiably criticizing spelling errors in galley proofs without checking with the publisher or waiting for a copy of the finished product.

CAROLYNNE HASTINGS
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The empress' clothes

May I congratulate your wonderful depiction of Margaret Thatcher as played by Wendy Thatcher in the play *A Mad World My Numbers* (People, March 24). Directed and engineered, governmental hysterical are exposed for us to laugh at.

TOM MEYER TORONTO



Wendy as Maggie. Is laugh or be ashamed?

I found your photograph of Wendy Thatcher's portrayal of Margaret Thatcher as a strip-teaser to be amusing, entertaining and amusing. In the photograph, as in the article, Mrs. Thatcher is being ridiculed not on the basis of her actions or policies but on the basis of her sex. Can you imagine a male political figure being humiliated in this manner? Please on you, Madam's.

HOPE CADILLAC LEBRON, QUEEN, P.Q.

By her vulgar caricature of the prime minister of Britain, and her debasement of the Union Jack, Wendy Thatcher has violated all reasonable standards of respect and decency. By giving her recognition and publicity, your magazine has become Canada's national shame.

H. A. CROWE, OTTAWA

Cherchez la femme

Somehow I can't make out from Ian Anderson's story in *The Great Escape* (Feb. 11) what Patricia Taylor, the lady of the house, was doing amongst her houseguests while her husband was so terribly busy at the embassy. Perhaps she was away on holiday, or 1485 slept through the whole thing?

ANNA MCCORMACK, CALGARY

God's will

In this age of non-discrimination, of tolerance for people of all creeds and convictions, I would like to request equal treatment. Your cover title *The Second Coming* (Feb. 20) is a direct takeoff on the second coming of Jesus Christ, something which I and hundreds of thousands of fellow Christians expect. I realize full well that Mr. Brown's has to cater to a variety of tastes and views, but please do not cheapen your efforts to build a Canadian newsmagazine by riding roughshod over the convictions of many.

MARK KINTA, NEEDLE, ONT.

Pierre E. Trudeau's dignified election acceptance speech is to be applauded and Canadians of all political persuasions should, in my opinion, support him on the issue of peace. To talk of a Third World War is not only irresponsible but criminal. No doubt future elections in Canada will increasingly focus on foreign policy issues and our impact at the international forums will depend on the kind of image we project. It will be in our interests, therefore, to shape a foreign policy that is relevant to Canada and is done with a rapidly changing world situation. Perhaps we can make a promising start in that direction through our participation in the 1980 Summer Olympics. Nothing can be more honorable in these difficult times than a quest for peace among the nations even if it means going to Moscow for the Games.

L. WEDDO, BETHINA

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 311 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.

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Letters

Dr. Strangelove lives!

Half off to Murray Thomson as his wonderful article about nuclear proliferation (*The Joke is Annihilation*, March 20). My recent subscription to your magazine has been justified by this article alone. However, I question whether we Canadians really have the guts to let us not prevent any living and sincerely strive for a future free of fears of nuclear warfare. We must respond to it now. Even now, time may not be on our side.

BRUNY STROUD, DON MILLS, ONT.

Murray Thomson's article on nuclear power presented a bleak picture for the future. It is interesting to note, though, that centuries ago the prophet Isaiah decried the horrors of nuclear warfare—"...their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouth." Not a pretty picture, but one that, in my opinion, will happen as long as mankind goes on heeding of the warnings given in the Bible, the only authoritative guide we have as to our future destiny.

D. HOGARTH ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

Darkness at noon

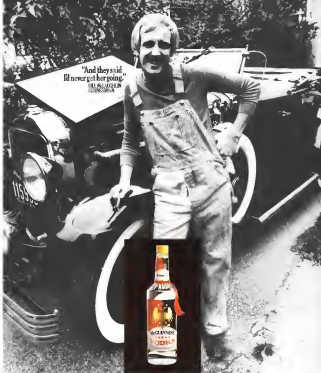
I decided to write to you after reading Kathleen Rut's article *At the Entertainment-Governor's Pleasure* (March 3). I was shocked to find that we could look someone away for 18 years, without a trial and supposedly for their own good. I am furious about the fact that no one has been done in these 18 years to help Emerson Benson. What's even more frightening is to think how many more people there are in the same situation. How long before they are released? I hope that it is before another 18 irreparable years of someone's life is wasted.

KATHA GLASSVICK, TORONTO

Too close for comfort

I feel compelled to protest the tone of your article *Taking the Great Worry Out of Being Close* (March 3). While informing the public about new types of contraceptives is in order, your treatment of it was too bad taste. I have esteemed *Maclean's* for many years as a journal that retained a commendable measure of dignity and decency. The article to which I refer reduced the privacy of your magazine, in my thinking, and at a time when cheap and tasteful stuff is all too common on the printed page.

THOMAS E. MCGIBBAND, AMHERST, N.S.



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They are moving for just one reason because they believe it may enable another refugee family to escape the horror of the siege. Each week Ben receives three or four letters from friends in Hong Kong and his determination to keep his family together is matched only by his desire to let others take his place on the sponsorship rolls.

In letters to his friends, Ben tells of life in Canada. It is good, he writes, and a confirmation can only look at his children. They grow with good health and, as they drift into the kitchen, coming from or heading for a nightclub, recycled-but-not-shaved hair, their sexuality is threatened by glances as they hear English spoken so readily in English that he loves French. The consensus is that they all love French fries, and blue jeans, and bubble gum, and their teachers, and Big Macs, and, most of all, fresh bread with butter and jam. The fridge is well stocked with fruit, vegetables and ample supplies of butter and jam. An electric stackpot, the only household purchase the family has made, sits bristling of rice on the kitchen counter, and there's always tea for visitors. Each Saturday Ben takes a walk, vegetable and ample supplies of butter and jam. An electric stackpot, the only household purchase the family has made, sits bristling of rice on the kitchen counter, and there's always tea for visitors. Each Saturday Ben takes a walk,

which can't be found in Toronto. "Yes, yes," the children like Toronto very much, even the winter, with skating at Alexandra Park rink and swimming indoors at Bessing Court Community Center. They like television, too, although they don't have a set. English clearly won't be a problem for long. Bounding children away, a big smile making up for a residential world, where she describes his friends, both in school and on the block, and her brothers and sisters are learning quickly too. But for Ben and Yoo, despite affirmations that they too find life good, there remains big worries. Ben was laid off from his second job, as a helper in a sweater shop, in December, and it took a month before he found another. A gold- and silver-smith in Vietnam, he now finds his old trade too hard on his eyes and works as a carpenter's assistant. He worries about people lost to the city and needed with outside help before managing their first transfer on streets and buses to his job in Weston. Life and daughter Sonam, who works in a factory gloom together faces subsidies for childless and old men, leave hours at 3:45 a.m. and return 12 hours later. Son is then tired—not only from the long and physically demanding day, but also the stress of trying to understand instructions in English. This far he has been

too tired to attend night classes in English, which could make life a lot easier. And, of course, Ben worries about being "laid off" again—one English phrase he understands very well.

Although Yoo is outside every day, hanging out the wash, which she does by hand in the bathtub, she dodges the cold weather and rarely leaves home. Sometimes she suffers from headaches but she, too, if a little more slowly than the children, is adjusting to dry central heat and cold mornings. Both Ben and Yoo know that accommodations for 19 will be hard to find, and even more difficult to pay for on a net monthly income of about \$1,400. They have saved a little, but there are the weekly grocery bills of \$140, rent \$100 for Ben and Sonam's school supplies for seven, and all the other inevitable needs of a large family. Their sponsors will provide \$500 for furniture, and many of the household goods are given to keep, but Ben worries that the older children still might have to go to work before they have a proper education and know enough English to find decent jobs.

Still, for Ben and Yoo, life recently was so much better. They will not soon forget the warmth of having no hope. And now, Ben says, their children "are Canadians," and the time has come, after just one month, to help them left behind. ☐

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Canada



The Kirbys in Disneyland: a session of recreation and an edutrip in the wing

Back from funland and into the fray

By John Hays

As the first street builders emerged into Ottawa's spring sun last week, the restored Trudeau cabinet slipped easily back to its old seasonal rhythms. The learned prime minister was home from the school break he likes to take with his sons—this time, again, at the lush Disneyland estate of his friend Sir Harold Mitchell. And while the Kirbys toured Disneyland, Pierre Trudeau moved smartly to shift some senior bureaucrats, giving the made-in-a-chairlifted cabinet a new look. Then there was a little tittle with Sarah Gil Minister Shrik Ahmed Zaki Yamani who, like the Liberals, wants to continue oil prices. Despite the metamorphic routine of meetings and memos, though, signs of turmoil showed. Quebec's referendum was finally a federal option. Hardly had members begun plotting referendum strategy when Quebec Liberals suddenly and publicly linked that issue to the equally prickly choice of a new fighter plane. Several Quebecers backed the F-16 on grounds of better

economic spin-offs for the province than the F-18 offered. Other Grits now fear that selection of the F-18 would arm Premier René Lévesque with another claim that Quebec had been hard done by. The cabinet was to make its choice by mid-month.

Most of the job appointments bore Trudeau's personal mark. Ian Stewart, a Trudeau economic adviser for years, moves from Energy to become deputy minister of finance. Out goes Clark apprentice and fiscal conservative Grant Rutherford, after rejecting lower jobs offered by Trudeau. Old Trudeau hand

Michael Kirby as the new cabinet secretary for federal-provincial relations, says that the res will take personal change in that field. Crack tax lawyer Mickey Cohen leaves Industry for his old post in equity energy minister, and de Montigny Marchand returns from a special assignment in Europe to be associate undersecretary at External Affairs. Bernard Ostry, deputy minister of communications, has won a newly made job as official spokesman of Canada's cultural wars in Paris, there to represent his wife and fellow modernists Sylvia Ostry, who is on a three-year contract with the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development. Among scores more jobs being filled in the lower ranks: Anne Cook, who spent four months in the summer after the Sir George Williams University campus-



P-38 fighters a lesser look to the old guard but back to old rhythms

Sardines in the B.C. can

As a scenario it was reminiscent of *The Grapes of Wrath*: Children separated from their parents or living in Vancouver slum road houses. Families huddled around empty blankets and orange peels in the family Chevrolet because they have nowhere else to live. Unfortunately the scenario is already being lived and, according to B.C. government officials, it will grow.

A combination of galloping population, high-cost housing, little tax incentive, lack of new land and government thumb-twiddling has earned Vancouver and Victoria the unwanted distinction of having the worst housing and rental crises, not just in Canada but in North America. Most provinces in a need for rental accommodation. However, with rental space, Vancouver is squeaking by on an almost meaningless 2 vacancy rate. Victoria is 1. Some agencies say that even those figures underestimate families living in garages or doubled up in existing areas. The real rate, they argue, has slipped into the negative. "Even middle-income people can't afford the rents for available units," says Linda Mead of the nonprofit and Deer Rental Aid Society.

With 70 per cent of B.C.'s 300,000 rental units covered under provincial rent-control legislation, the office of RentBoardman Jim Patterson and his 112-member staff was electronically plagued with up to 1,400 calls a day in March complaining about rental matters. His current dispute case load stands at 4,000.

Observers hold little hope for relief from the provincial government. The self-reliance budget seen by the interim arm of Social Credit has little room for government meddling. They have nearly dismantled the low-cost B.C. housing program introduced by the previous left government. The recent \$800-million cheap mortgage scheme was cut out only last week, and a short-term winter lag up for the province's faltering forest industry. Final bills are set in, but at the estimated \$300 rental units fertilized by the scheme most were in up-country areas away from the urban areas.

The government, for its part, takes a classic and superbly effective B.C. posture: It blames Ottawa. And it has a point. The 1972 era of "export-control allowances" for rental housing and the dismantling of the federal government's Multiple Unit Residential Build-

ings and Assisted Rental Housing Program has done hurt B.C. acutely.

Despite some 1,000 Vancouver rental units in February, crisis housing sought. But that's not all. Estimates 2,000 starts a month are needed to meet the crisis. Even more sobering are figures from the RealEstate's office that calculate a new one-bedroom would have to wait for between 360 and 480 months to be worthwhile to the developer. (Average current Vancouver rental for a comparable suite is \$257.) With older houses and apartments coming down at the rate of 1,500 units a year in Vancouver and the sub-starved city of housing investment dead in the water, the worst but are the poor.



Patterson interviews home-owner the vacancy rate has slipped into the negative

Measuring outrage has led speculation that the provincial government must jump, but there is no indication of how high. Supported schemes range from the exotic—private equity funds for renters to buy their estates—to the mundane—allowing illegal suites in areas zoned as single-family. Most experts agree the real solution must be found at the federal level. "Maybe they are difficulty hearing us from the far away," warns RentBoardman Patterson, "but things ought not serious in B.C. either it's going to happen everywhere."

Thomas Hodgins

A different view of the country

When Canadians stand on the continental boundary of another far piece of land, what typically enters Alberta's mind is oil. Peter Lougheed, however, is a different view of the federal election campaign.

The night-wear response from the glare of the national spotlight, which had his name in the public and economic arena of John Clark's home province, produced a relaxed Lougheed ready to once again make the use of oil as a political weapon for Western Canadian concerns. With only two government members in the West, Lougheed is clear for a new oil of western Canada.

In an interview for *Canadian* by Edmonton journalist Gail Groulx, Peter Lougheed last week offered his views on constitutional change and the role of the West.

Maclean's: In the aftermath of your meeting with Quebec Premier Jean-Jacques Duchesne, have you any suggestions to return or to accept to interest groups in Quebec?

Lougheed: We've had some requests but we feel that we should only participate if the federal focus in Quebec was on us. They haven't responded at all stage. We are, though, going to be making it a very major item on the agenda of the western provinces' conference—the question on national unity and constitutional change. I discussed this with Mr. Ryan and I've discussed it with the other western premiers and it'll be a major item in Lethbridge on April 22.

Maclean's: Tell me how you're feeling on any one of two specific areas?

Lougheed: We've been generally talking between the last time we met a gap between sovereignty association on one extreme and Trudeau centralism on the other. I think the most important part of Mr. Ryan's large paper is that he didn't see special status for Quebec. He thought stronger provincial rights to be the goal and it'll be a major item in Lethbridge on April 22.

Maclean's: During the new month the Conservatives were in power, western provinces were in focus on the Western or yourself on John Clark. Do you see the rejection of the Trudeau government restoring that bond?

Lougheed: I don't see so because so many of the issues being the nation are going to be affected by Western Canada, and I'm saying there is going to be the recognition there is no federal government representation back the three largest western provinces. So I think there's going



to be a higher degree of interest in the West of the present government in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Perhaps not as much as the public says—but an issue has entered into monetary policies, foreign trade, foreign investment, transportation, agriculture, energy, etc.

Maclean's: You have described yourself as a Canadian first and an Albertan second. When you say Canadian what does that mean to you?

Lougheed: Well, it means we feel here in Alberta just as much a part of Canada as Ottawa. We put here a different view of the country. We think the country is going to be changed if the regions are stronger.

We think a country that vast and small in population cannot have decision-making centralized. And the attention, concern and involvement of the regions which are reflected in one way in Quebec but are reflected politically in the Atlantic region and the West are due to just simply that you can't centralize public decision-making in Ottawa in the reality of the '80s. It was the argument of the people who named the Confederation that the resource ownership is provincial. That resource ownership will make the Atlantic

Lougheed, a third option to save sovereignty and Trudeau centralism.

New Brunswick

'A terrible thing' worth fasting for

A nuclear protest has tended to be the province of youth, but that was obviously not the case last week in Fredericton. "This is a protest for our generation," said 16-year-old Jim Bedell as he and his wife, Kay, 64, started the end of a personal fast which lasted five days. The pair stepped out, they said, to protest nuclear power in general—"a terrible thing that our generation is working on future generations"—and New Brunswick's current construction of a nuclear plant at Point Lepreau on the Bay of Fundy coast in particular.

No strangers to the anti-nuclear movement, the Bedells, retired schoolteachers who live at Hatfield Point near Saint John, were among a group that in 1977 suffered three in rubber ditches to try to block the arrival by sea of the calandria, the sealed cooling vessel that is part of the core of the reactor. That risky venture ended with the Bedells nearly dead and dry on the dock, forced there by the wash of the freighter as it backed toward the shore.



This time they chose a more passive form of protest. Moving into a two-bedroom room in Fredericton's Lord Beaverbrook Hotel, they passed the hours with media interviews, paying daily visits to the New Brunswick legislature

provinces and the western provinces, a group to the benefit of all of Canada. If the regions are stronger then the country is stronger. If the regions are stronger then the country is stronger. If the regions are stronger then the country is stronger.

Maclean's: Mr. Lougheed is hoping for an upcoming agreement with the West. How much do you think it is possible?

Lougheed: It's possible. I wouldn't want to rush. We're in negotiations. As I said on February 29, to be fair, we have an outstanding agreement that we did make with the Trudeau that does expire at the end of June.

Maclean's: Is it not true that you've been a member of Alberta, have you denied any change in attitude to Western Canada and its concerns?

Lougheed: That's a hard question because there's a media public atmosphere you run into and then there's the general claim point of view. I'm not sure that I can read that properly. If you were responding only to media or to certain public people, you would think that there was high-level resistance to the property of the West and Alberta in particular. On the other hand there seems to be a number of other signs indicating an awareness that if Alberta is doing well and the West is doing well, it's beneficial to the rest of the country.

The Bedells at legislature building worked up on a strike but not without up

nearby and chatting up the nuclear issue with whoever stopped by. Among the group to their room was Dr. Bruce P. Press, Richard Bedford and provincial Liberals under Joseph Dutilleul.

For sustenance, the Bedells relied on nothing more than water, daily vitamins, a little healing salt in the morning, bicarbonate levels in the blood and potassium levels. They also stayed in close touch with a Fredericton doctor who regularly checked their weight, blood samples, reflexes and blood pressure, and arranged for Jim, who suffered a mild heart attack in 1976, to have three electrocardiograms. No health problems developed, although Kay's weight dwindled 50 pounds to 106 in the first four days and eventually to 160 pounds, and both felt weaker.

After a 48-hour meeting with Hatfield, during which they made a pitch for a royal commission investigation of nuclear power, the Bedells ended their fast the way they had begun it—by having an orange. Later they carefully moved onto a liquid diet consisting of fruit juices, essential oils and soft drinks, plus a pinch of salt. "We didn't even feel like a big meal. It's quite enough to have a little of this and a little of that." David Foster

*Priority estimates are based on source per cent on one. Rates and estimated rates are based on the last three years. 1976 and 1977 are based on 1976.

Ontario

The doctor presents her bill

"Doctor, doctor, give us the news. When will you release the 'lover'?" The 3,000 angry, chanting university students who marched on the Ontario legislature last week registered all the outrage and indignation of jilted lovers. And well they might have. After a 20-year romance with post-secondary education (Ontario was first in post-secondary spending in 1967 and now stands eighth), the province is cooling the affair.

Early this year Ontario's minister of

graduate students sampled were from Ontario with incomes exceeding \$30,000. At Ontario's Carleton University a survey to be released this week shows an average family income among students of more than \$35,000, proof, student leaders say, that it's getting harder to pursue an education without hard-earned support.

In a round of confrontations with students, Stephenson's arguments that taxpayers are already footing the bill for 85 per cent of post-secondary education were met with jeers and boos, and her promise that changes to Ontario's student assistance plan are on the way drew cries of "too late" and "not enough." Politically, their sometimes noisy opposition has looked good on her. A sign at one rally read: "MURDER YOUR BILL! SAY LADY. At another,

someone threw a pie in Stephenson's face.

But campus tensions in other provinces (only Quebec and Newfoundland promise to hold the line or tighten fees this fall) have so far steered clear of public confrontations. Students in the four western provinces, faced with average fee increases of 10 per cent, have scheduled a blitz of meetings with provincial politicians. Students in the three Maritime provinces, anticipating increases of about eight per cent, have similar lobbying plans.

Marching for peace now seems like a luxury the wild-eyed student protesters of the '60s and '70s could afford. "The issues have changed, that's for sure," says Horro Ballantyne, spokesman for the 300,000-student National Union of Students. "No matter how you slice it, it's getting harder and harder for students to simply stay in school."

Cheryl Hawkes



colleges and universities, Dr. Bertie Stephenson, announced across the board tuition increases for next fall of 7.5 per cent. She added that the institutions would be allowed to increase fees a further 10 per cent without endangering their provincial grants, held that out to a self-righting 3.2-per-cent increase.

The University of Toronto—with a registration of 45,000 the country's largest—responded with a 14.6-per-cent tuition hike for arts students, raising fees to an annual \$630 from \$510. When other fees began to follow suit, students screamed in protest, arguing that fee hikes would only render universities and colleges more elite, separating lower-income students out of the system completely.

That "lower-income" barrier is surprisingly high. A modest survey at the University of Western Ontario in London showed that 49.3 per cent of under-

Stephenson (bottom) addresses Queen's Park protesters. Indignation of jilted lovers



Newfoundland

On the road, off the shelf

Newfoundland stepped up the pace last week in its fight with Ottawa—and the world, for that matter—over ownership of offshore oil. Premier Brian Peckford was stomping for the home cause in Charlottetown and Toronto, and Energy Minister Lee Barry was keeping an eye on the province's interests at the Law of the Sea Conference at the United Nations. Meanwhile, added support came for Peckford and Barry from an unexpected source at home—the provincial Labor Relations Board.

The board was asked last fall to certify union at the Sealers' International Union to represent crews of some of the ships, based mostly in St. John's, that supply the oil rigs. A group of companies opposed the bid on the grounds that no board has authority outside the 12-mile territorial limit. The written decision of the board favors the union and reads like a summary of the case the province says it will make if it ever goes to the Supreme Court of Canada. Like the provincial government, the board hangs its case for ownership of offshore resources on the claim that on retiring Confederates in 1869 Newfoundland was a dominion with every territorial right of a sovereign state, including the later-to-be-recognized control over the continental shelf.

The board concluded: "Newfoundland possesses exclusive jurisdiction over the shelf for the purpose of exploitation." Yet the board admitted that this seem-

ingly "presumptuous" reach beyond its normal purview will not carry much weight with higher powers. The couch seems to be that the Geneva Convention on continental shelves didn't come about until 1958 but, says the board, "It thus nullifies the arguments of history are stronger than those of logic."

But at the United Nations Lee Barry found the opposite may be true. From pre-conference remarks by Alan Beasley, Canada's chief delegate to the Law of the Sea Conference, it looks as



Peckford (left) in Toronto, Beasley, Barry at the UN, stomping for oil

though Canada will be responsive to world demands for some share of the revenue from continental shelf resources lying outside the generally accepted 200-mile economic zone. While Canada formally opposes suggestions that be the 12th year of productive seven per cent of the profits be channelled to poorer countries through an international fund, Beasley's remarks seemed a nod to realists in the face of



pressure from Third World countries for a much bigger share, and from Arab countries to limit continental shelf rights to 200 miles. Canada's shelf off Newfoundland extends 400 miles in places, not to where further rock oil structures are thought to lie. Newfoundland says not only is all this Canada's but it is specifically Newfoundland's—but when the Law of the Sea Conference finally wraps up, probably this summer, revenue sharing may well be accepted as a worldwide basis.

At home, meanwhile, Peckford was off on the first of several missionary trips he had planned. "Confederation needs to be aired, decentralised," he told a friendly Charlottetown crowd. "It was the regions of this country that created Ottawa and not the other way round."

In Toronto he told another audience: "We certainly have never claimed rights to all off-shore resources." He claimed that Ottawa's efforts at a political settlement fall far short of being acceptable. "Ottawa would retain all effective control of the host of resource management decisions which will not only shape off-shore development but will, as I have said, shape, perhaps destroy, our society. This is totally and irreversibly unacceptable." The Peckford road trip continues next week.

Geoff Buzut

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A wolf in sheep's clothing



By Carol Kennedy

The least likable inhabitant of No. 11 Downing Street, official residence of Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, is Sir Geoffrey Howe's Jack Russell terrier, a small and snappy animal with the habit of sticking its teeth into tempting targets. Aply, it roars in the name of Budget, and last week its owner groaned that he too had a nerve's bite, despite once being likened to "a dead sheep" by his father-in-law.

After sporting with the dog for the benefit of some warring students, the beaming-looking Howe, in rather grey moods and Tory-like tin, went down to the Commons to present a tough ministerial budget aimed at progressively squeezing Britain's borrowing and public spending over the next four years. In the process he imposed taxes for the first time (though not immediately) on sickness and unemployment payments, but strikers' families in the pocketbook by raising excise duties on gasoline, alcohol and tobacco and more than doubled the charge for drug prescriptions under the National Health Service to \$2.50 by the end of the year, effective in two stages.

This last measure roused Mrs. to a clamorous cry rarely heard on budget occasions. To Opposition Laborites, the ideal of a low-cost, if not totally free, health service has been sacred since the



Howe with the nation's 'budget bear' in hand (top) and anti-budget demonstrators (left) the 'dead sheep' proved to be a loner

heady days of Britain's post-war social revolution. But by making his colors to such an emotive target blow, whose budget also excluded minor tax thresholds relief for individuals and rather more substantial incentives for entrepreneurial businesses, demonstrated that he, far too firmly identified with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's hard-line philosophy of economic discipline, his object, despite the risks it entails of even greater unemployment than the current 1.4 million,

is to reduce inflation—expected by many economists paid to approach 20 per cent by year's end—to five per cent by the mid-1980s.

Yet evenly has a government appeared as divided in allegiance to its leader in a party that traditionally grinds itself on keeping a stiff upper lip whatever the berating. Disagreement, the cabinet has been bitterly split in recent weeks, members who feared the social consequences of too harsh a monetarist dose being widely labeled as "wets" (Thatcher's favorite term of disapproval for anything smacking of wistful liberalism or failure of nerve).



Carving (above) and union chief Len Murray (right) 'wets' with woolly ideas

And their torn legations have been freely leaked to the press—as indeed were most of the budget secrets, an offense that used to be punished with the utmost severity (one post-war chancellor was forced to resign because of a choice indiscretion). The Observer recently laid up the cabinet opponents, with Thatcher's hard-liners including Chancellor Howe, Industry Minister Sir Keith Joseph and Treasury Chief Secretary John Biffen, who recently predicted these years of austerity for Britain—a renaissance Thatcher felt impelled to reproduce publicly. The "wets" do not command such economic control led by Employment Secretary Jim Prior, the buffer between Thatcher and the unions, they include Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, his deputy, Sir Ian Gilmour, and arts supreme Norman St. John Evans.

Disagreement has hinged on three interlocking areas: the 14-week-old national steel strike, which was sparked by Joseph's ministerial that management settle wage demands within strict cash limits, the scale of public spending cutsbacks (\$2.25 billion this year, another \$1.75 billion in 1981); and Prior's attempts to reform trade union law, which some see as too soft and too slow.

The discord broke open when a rebellious backbencher, Julian Critchley, burst into print—unconsciously, though his cover was soon blown—scrutinizing the government of elevating economic above politics, especially in its handling of the steel strike. Accordingly, Critchley lambasted his leader as "dilettante, tart and obstinate" and quoted another rebel as likening the Tory high command to "Flower, Nightingale leading the Chorus of the Lady Bessie and Lord Cardigan [the rank leader of



that doomed military adventure) sending the wounded." Public confidence in Thatcher is certainly on the wane. A recent poll in the London Evening Standard showed that satisfaction with her performance had dropped four points since January to 58 per cent. The same poll gave Labour an eight-point lead. That fell just hard as a hysterical hammering in solidly Conservative South-east-on-Sea. In a result that rattled the government's teeth, the Tories' Teddy Taylor, who lost his Glasgow seat in last May's national election and was accordingly dubbed a "curtain coupletographer" in Scotland, just squeaked home by 400 votes. Thatcher, as if to suffer weak backbones, decided that she would sooner lose the next election than backslide on her tight-money targets. And last week Howe proved that at least he had the lion's line. Opposition leader James Callaghan described the woe he proposed cutting through the welfare state as "the meanest budget since

1930" and said it would shift the burden "from the healthy to the sick and from the sick to the poor." Trade union chief Len Murray declared it was "back to the 1930s with a vengeance."

But Howe, who gloomily predicts that Britain's economy will grow by only one per cent a year—and that including North Sea oil—sees his strategy as a long-run bid to "beat inflation, encourage enterprise and get us back where we

Norway

Another strike for the cruel sea

The first killing of disaster, one survivor said, was an almighty crash. Another said he heard three thuds and felt the deck quaver under his feet. But within seconds of the warnings, both agreed, the North Sea rig Alexander Kieland, whose rumbled containers offered some of sorts to off-duty mountaineers, tilted at a crazy angle, picking nearly 200 men against furniture and walls. In the ensuing panic, some managed to clamber to the deck. But many more were trapped below, and when the Alexander Kieland turned turtle, minutes after one of its legs had been ripped away by high seas, they fell victim to what was described last weekend as the worst accident, in terms of human life, ever to strike the oil industry.

As an armada of ships and planes

The high of the collapsed platform (top left) and badly injured and (above) rescued workers' mile-high of response



belong." It would probably be "at least two years," he said a national TV audience, "before things start coming right." Critics might cynicize that with just about allow the Tories to start planning re-election goodies before their full term expires in 1984. But a lot could happen between now and that year of Oedipian dilemma to blunt the present study, resolve of Thatcher's treasury hawk. ☐

wound up an exhaustive 48-hour search for survivors in the Skokvik oilfield on Saturday night, the toll of dead and missing was put at 228. Another 80 were rescued. After the last moment, it had been hoped that nearly 200 men had been able to cling to life in air pockets below decks as the rig wallowed uprisings down. But divers who banged the walls in the vast haps of a response eventually had no option but to pronounce the rig a flimsy coffin.

The platform, issued to Phillips Petroleum Co., was one of a dozen such five-legged, steel and concrete structures serving in the North Sea, where 30,000 men had on swivel-off-shore installations to extract oil from Britain and Norway. The French construction, Compagnie Francaise d'Equipement Metallurgique, said it had "absolutely no idea" how the Alexander Kieland had happened and added there was no reason to suspect the other 11 to be defective.

But Norwegian authorities were taking no chances. As divers were still being plucked from the sea, the Oslo government met in an emergency session to order an inquiry and even that all oil installations in an sector of the North Sea move immediate inspection Prime Minister Olov Nordli de-

mir dreams of making the island a bridge uniting Europe and Africa. But his efforts to seal a multilateral accord with France, Italy, Algeria and Libya guaranteeing Malta's sovereignty and \$20 million aid annually fell through. And in making good the \$40 million in annual income lost by seceding the British, the Mizloff government is not being too choosy.

Although the staunchly Roman Catholic Maltese consider themselves European, Anake is now a necessary subject for higher grade-school pupils and an estimated 2,000 Libyans are in Malta. The defense agreement was signed despite a still-unresolved dispute with Libya over marine rights, involving possibly oil-rich waters, and despite Mizloff's recent decision to halt cheap oil shipments, which will mean the standard fuel bill will double.

In addition, while Mizloff's Labor party has made considerable strides toward economic self-sufficiency and improved social services—prices are amazingly low, tourism is booming—major shadows lurk behind the island's apparent tranquility. The country is split between Labor (34 seats in parliament) and the conservative, pro-business Nationalists (11), a division that has been marked by violence. Last October's gasoline riot left him on his way into Mizloff's office and, when the news came out, made amazed the wife of the Nationalist party leader, renounced op-



Mizloff, waging out the old-boy network or slipping into fascism

position. She and her husband the opposition leader also burned the opposition's Malta newspaper office.

Though some Valletta sources say the prime minister was a temporarily deranged Mizloff supporter with a private grievance,

anous, Mizloff's troubleshooter Mr. Joe Grech, hints at foreign-backed attempts to destabilize the island. "It was a genuine assassination attempt. We're not a comfortable government. We're pro-Arab and pro-Palestinian," he says.

But the opposition is more concerned about the harassment that its members suffer from thugs who are rarely arrested. Deputy Nationalist leader Guido de Marco, a 48-year-old lawyer, alleged: "Our party clubs have been smashed dozens of times. I have been beaten up by thugs in the same system the fascists used. Who is detaching whom?"

De Marco charges that democracy is steadily being eroded in such fields as the judiciary, the trade union movement, medicine and education. One of the government's most controversial moves has been the gaffing of the old autonomous university to create a new, state-controlled one catering to 5,000 "worker-students" sponsored by industry and government.

In reply, Grech claims the government's socialist system is "tailored to the needs of the country" and aimed at ending the "old-boy network." He may be right. But the anger generated by government tactics promises a buildup of tension before next year's elections. The question then may be into whose lap an unstable Malta might fall.

David Beard

U.S.A.

Uncle Sam's well runs dry

By Catherine Fox

Food assistance money for Cambodia is running out. Last week the United Nations began a drive to raise \$200 million to keep thousands of people there from dying before the end of the year. But one of the major contributors, the United States, has so far committed itself to only \$8 million, a huge decrease from the \$70 million given during the initial food-aid project last fall.

The reason for the cut is partly a technical tie-up in Congress and partly the legislators' smacking worries about how good a big foreign aid bill is going to look to the hard-pressed boys back home around election time next fall. But the net effect of these two factors is to threaten Americans aid to the needy not just in Cambodia but all around the globe.

Although the U.S. is already six months into its 1980 fiscal year, Con-



Avalanche: damage by Hurricane David last year in Santo Domingo, where a debate

gress has still not authorized the \$8.1 billion for foreign aid included in this year's budget. To make matters worse, the total budget for 1980 has already been exceeded by \$20 billion and it will take a resolution by both the House and

Senate before any more money can be authorized for anything. With the upcoming Rastatt session, it will be mid-April before debate even begins. "When it does come, it's going to be one whole of a debate, too," said a Capitol Hill aide last week. With inflation running at 15 per cent annually and the domestic economy in crisis, foreign aid comes near the bottom of many congressmen's lists of priorities.

"Every day that passes makes it more difficult to get the foreign aid bill passed," said a staff aide of the House Appropriations Committee. "Many members feel 'What's the point?' with a new budget coming in October 1 [for fiscal 1981], why not just wait for that?" And with the world situation the way it is, every single day something happens in Iran or Afghanistan or somewhere that makes our choices that much sadder."

For now, the foreign aid programs are being run on what is called a con-



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tuning resulted, which permits spending at 1970 levels. But that is a billion dollars less than was included in the 1980 bill. Because of that, many programs are senesing through a minimal funds and new programs have no money at all.

Some of the most devastating outlooks are hitting crisis areas in the

Third World. After months of haggling, Congress approved a \$15-million emergency aid package to Nicaragua early in March. It was an important step, showing American goodwill toward the new left-leaning government, and it was hoped the money would slow Cuban influence in the area. That project is now all but dead. In the Caribbean, the U.S. has promised \$80 million to help Santo Domingo and several islands recover from the destruction caused by Hurricane David last year. The emergency funds have run out, and no more can be authorized until the foreign aid bill is passed.

In 1979, the U.S. appropriated \$15.4 million for the Sahel region of Africa.

Unleashing aid in Cambodia (right, starting in the Sahel) involved not only the U.S. but also the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank. David S. Reardon (right) is the director of the Sahel region of Africa.



use of the world's poorest areas, where agricultural improvement is desperately needed to avoid a famine on the scale of the early 1970s. In 1980 the contribution was to be \$12 million, more than double, and the U.S. was just one of many donors. But, as David Frank of the House Foreign Affairs Africa subcommittee put it, "When the U.S. contribution is added in half it doesn't spare other nations to contribute any more." On the whole, Frank said, U.S. aid to Africa is running about 25 per cent below what was planned for 1980.

It gets worse. Large chunks of American foreign aid go into such multinational lending institutions as the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank and the Asian Development Bank. These have come under harsh criticism

from congressmen who feel loans are mismanaged and ineffectively used by recipient nations. The Carter administration had asked for a \$1-billion contribution to the World Bank in 1980, but Congress cut the amount to \$720 million and, with the spending freeze, only \$160 million (the amount given in 1979) will be deposited.

"We're broke," said Marian Charney, spokeswoman for the Inter-American Development Bank, which helps Latin America. "By the end of March," he said, "we'll have \$360 million in continuously approved loans that we can't deliver."

The list goes on. But in a tight-money election year and in the midst of budget appropriation and authorization procedures the notion of humanity is often lost. Frank Balkoski, a former staff director for the Senate subcommittee on foreign assistance, recently wrote in *The Washington Post*: "Africa is losing the race between food and population, massive starvation has occurred in Cambodia. Can we turn our backs on these events and still produce our interest in a peaceful world? Aid may not be the hottest issue in a presidential election year, but it is a crucial test for America's role in the world of the 1980s. So far, we are failing badly." □

Star-cross'd lovers

Reed was young and lonely and new in town. He had just moved to Toledo, Ohio, and, when he first heard of Carolyn Matanask, the astrologer, he decided to "look into the future." She told him that love was in the stars. She also mentioned that her best friend, the beautiful blonde Kyle Stratton—a rich heiress—had just been seriously injured in an automobile accident.

Kyle was a tragic victim, unable to leave the Toledo hospital because there was no other dialysis machine available to deal with her damaged kidneys. Almost as bad, a renal lawyer was keeping the family estate and he wanted her for money. Worse, through complex maneuvering he had managed to forbid all visitors—except for Carolyn Matanask. But Matanask suggested that as Kyle and Reed were both just 24 years old and lonely, why not let them own way, they should become pen pals.

Reed dropped a note to Kyle and she replied with a warm letter. Soon they were in regular correspondence—letters were stacked in and out of the hospital by astrologer Matanask. Soon, too, Kyle began to find ways to telephone

Reed and sent him photographs showing himself to be a very attractive woman. Within a year they were in love.

In the meantime, Reed discovered through Carolyn that Kyle did not have access to her wealth. The lawyer, who lived in a French town, had tied up the cash and Kyle had no money. Indeed, she was not getting enough dialysis because her cash flow was so limited. So Reed started to send money and gifts. Her telephone calls became more frequent and passionate.

Kyle began to refer to Reed as her husband. He liked that and, before long, he really believed that he was married to her. Like a devoted husband he forewore other women, preferring the company of Kyle's daily letters, calls and many photographs. Three times when Kyle needed special treatment Reed took out loans to pay for it. As well, he worked a lot of overtime to keep up regular support.

In all the romance lasted 19 years. "A thing of beauty," as the police said later. But last month Reed bought a new car. The payments were high and, what with inflation and everything, he began sending Kyle less money. So Carolyn Matanask called him in a fury. "Just where do your payments go?" she demanded. "Are they with your wife in



Reed (left) and astrologer Matanask have letters, photographs and a mail-order

hospital, or with a new car?" Disheartened, Reed told a friend that the friend became suspicious and told the police, who started an investigation. Then they broke the news to Reed. Kyle Stratton was a phantom. Carolyn Matanask, now 24, was the shadow that played the role of Kyle to whom Reed, over a decade, had sent \$40,000. Moreover, Reed was not alone. Police uncovered 20 other men and women who had telephone or letter contact with Kyle Stratton. One man had sent her \$6,000 worth of roses over the past two

years. Others had sent cash, but the Reed Reed, to whom Matanask reported \$50,000, were pressing charges.

Reed naturally took the news hard. "That poor, poor guy," said the detective in charge of the case, "he still can't accept that Kyle doesn't exist. She was his wife. His whole life. And he never even met her." But luckily consolation was at hand. Reed Reed: "My wife had said that's how it seems to me. But I've met a lady within the last three weeks who is very understanding and compassionate. I can hold her in my arms. She is very real. Life has to go on. I know Kyle would have wanted it."

William Lowther



The school of hard knocks

Provo Canyon (less \$300,000 a year) was killed as a school where problem boys could be turned around by work and tough rules. But some of the disciplinary methods used there in the past made it sound more like a clip out of a *Chickadee* novel. On arrival, a U.S. district judge, Utah was told that work, boys were forced to remain silent and inactive for 250 hours in four-hour stints in a locked orientation unit. They could reduce the time by standing or working. But they were also subjected to the detector tests, locked in sil-

lently and, on occasion, dragged by the hair and on arms.

Outgoing mail was censored, and lawyer Kathryn Callard for the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), which is bringing a \$1 million suit against the school, claiming students were generally subjected to such rigid control that it infringed on their fundamental right to be free from cruel and unusual punishment.

The case goes back to 1976 when a boy escaped from the school and was interviewed by the ACLU while temporarily at the county detention center. Later detention center staff complained about his treatment when he was re-

ceived by Provo Canyon staff. School officials claim that some of the practices, such as the 250-hour rule, were dropped voluntarily. Others were halted when a preliminary injunction was granted by the court last year.

The defense takes the view that you might as well claim that it's human washing for a parent to spank a child. School lawyer Allan Larson says that all the 16- to 17-year-olds there had been in serious trouble—ranging from family conflicts and leaving out of school to assault, arson, drug involvement and aberrant sexual behavior. "The case involves the right of parents to decide what course of treatment is most appropriate for their children," he adds.

Part of the defense is that the school—one of 2,000 such private establishments in the U.S. with a provable 200,000 roll call—once had as few as one rougher discipline than at present. School psychiatrist Robert Crist, a part owner, says that at least half the boys were potentially psychopathic at the time the suit was filed. For the chronic law and psychiatric-type person the polygraph could be quite useful, he said. It might be a way to change him by creating anxiety. Frederick Clark Williams recalled that one student slashed a counselor's throat. "The primary purpose of the school is to educate teenage boys," claims Larson. They were merely being required to live by a rather strict set of rules.

Then touring is not Andy Thom's style. The 20-year-old Vancouver vocalist may resemble a cross between pubo-throbbers Ben Smith and Lefty Garrett, but his nights are set on Frank Sinatra's style when he sings. Thom's first band, the ill-fated rock 'n' rolling Aces, folded when he was 14. Pulling aside childish ways he headed for Los Angeles and one of Off Beat Ryan's arrange-

As long as the party is controlled by a Vancouver Club establishment is when I am anathema. I'm not

interested," responded former Liberal District and amateur sportswriter **Joe Campopiano** when provincial Liberals in British Columbia approached her recently about joining them as one of the party's "ambassadors." Campopiano claims that the Vancouver Club controversy "pulls all the strings and makes all the decisions" and that they think she is "too left wing." According to her, it would take a "living wage" of between \$100,000 and \$150,000 a year to maintain that Liberal members of the Vancouver Club be removed from power positions, for anyone to take on the thankless position. Campopiano estimates it would cost \$1 million a year for five years just to get the party back on its feet. "I don't know if I can do it," she mutters. Our Lady of Shiloh may be quite happy to remain in her media role at least of *CR's* *Age of a Kind*. She will be a good agent against provincial Liberals who stand by and do nothing while ferry services to her riding are cut. "I don't want to be a part of their party," she snorts. "Why should I throw myself onto the funeral pyre?"

"I've never had a problem getting my agent on the phone, but I have a hard time getting my husband on the phone," says **Naomi Shemer**, who married her agent **Steven Finkler** the year she was named to the throne of the powerful **Warner Bros.** music division. "It's just weird," but because of her starring role in TV's **North Star**, in which she co-stars with **Ben Bridges**, **Shemer** focuses on the "safe" side of two marriages that doesn't end in divorce, and 29-year-old **Shemer** says she's not a control freak. "I have a lot of emotional problems but given her the chance to integrate its ideas into my own marriage." Aside from television, **Shemer** is also working in director **Harman Jacobson's** latest opus, *War of Wits*, which will feature **Shemer** and her own **Naomi Shemer** as a \$6.5-million project called *Artful to Wander West*. The script by Canadian **Ron Givens** and **Jeffrey Pridmore** is due to go before the camera next spring in Alberta. "There's a great role in it," **Shemer** understands, that's the role **Shemer** wants for herself!

By now North Americans have probably consumed the final chocolate saricophagus remaining in the wake of King Tut's triumphal indifference to the continent. Now comes the movie, *The Egypt of King Tut*, which was shot on location in the Valley of the Monkeys about a mile from Tut's tomb on the west bank of the Nile. The legendary curse, "May the cobra on thy head spit

names of fire into the face," a 1966 scene is the vengeance which is laid out in my body throughout all elements first gained credence when archaeologist/discoverer Howard Carter's primary find at the funeral of a cobra died after the 1922 unearthing. The crew also struck the film company. British actress Jean Collins cancelled on the day of filming, the star of the show, L. McShane, who quit out of communism in a broken leg. Expatiated Canadian actor Raymond Burr, who plays a crazed Arab in *Warlock*, also fell victim to cancer. Another, after three afternoon before the cameras, Burr, 62, suddenly collapsed. At his 580-pound frame, he weighed out to a 1000-pound Theatrical "Mild" comedian.

"Every woman is dying in the movie these days, right?" sighs **Waller**. She should know — cast in no less than a dozen films as "the Swedish Girl, always healthy and romantic," in North American cancer has isolated her being blown away in a blimp. **Black Sunday** got down as a dark gem in Marlon's Max and dying cancer in **Bobby Deerfield**. **Keller**, who was also the lead in **Billy Wilder's** 1971 critically reviled but offbeat **body**, **Shogun**,

down since then she has been playing in a Pura stage version of Anton Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, which will be filmed this spring. And she is currently starring with Martin Brando and George C. Scott, in scenes together for the first time, in a thriller called *The Fugitive*. Her string of upstarty-lady roles continues in the plays *A German Lifeboat* (made) who joins Scott in the search for a missing rescuee (recipe for a whettable fuel used in *Adolf Hitler's Germany*). The plot line has been entangled with the story of the off-camera director (now *Goodbye, Mr. Tschann*). *Fuchsin*, who has been crawling her set locations in Germany and Switzerland.

The new season of propping that sweet guys onto fifth first, New Westminster Bruin coach **Eric Shuck** McLean last week announced he was benching himself. McLean, 43, led the team to four consecutive Western Hockey League titles and two Memorial Cup, and gave the world such awe-inspiring warden as the New York Rangers' **Berry Berk** and Vancouver Canucks' **Stan Smyl**. "I've worn out my welcome," he says after a struggle to the top and back down—the team broke or tied three league-long records last season—that was highlighted by some

action as damaging trash can on the ice, letting his players pummel the opposition and watching a businessman of his tastes. Hoping for the future undisturbed, McLean says: "There's no doubt in my mind that I can coach in the NHL. I'm one of the most knowledgeable guys in hockey from the grassroots up."

Resigned Shirley Maupel made a great \$200 buy in the 1994 film version of Damon Runyon's story *Little Miss Marker*, about a post-Palmer female who is put up as collateral for a bet. This year's 100 in the fourth round of the film is straight-haired **Rene Russo**, who was selected from 5,000 shot, duple applicants to play the role opposite **Walter Matthau**. *Marker* is seven-year-old Russo's first role, but she plans to make a career out of acting. The next role she would like to play is "a princess, a rabbit or, failing that, a mouse."

Comedian George Carlin has gone through the ultimate monologue of the 1980s: *Kraft*'s Summer Music Hall, through the spaced-out, hippy-dippy '70s and arrived in the '90s—one heart attack later and a lot less angry. Though his act still centers around things like the explosives that can't be used on TV and his fantasies about life on *The Tonight Show*, which involve *McMurray* breaking wind in *Johnny Carson*'s living room, Carlin, 43, has mellowed around the edges. "I've given up on the angry stuff," he says about his 1985 best-selling book, *Class Clown*. "I've become more laid-back and—yes, I know, the recreational drug."

The Victorians age may not have been ready for a tacky-sized rag-o'-carthen race, but Little Lord Fauntleroy was an early champion. This July, he'll be back at the annual Fawcett Races at the Charlottetown Festival. L.F. has not been staged in nearly a century, but Canada's Crown Prince and Princess of Wales, Charles and Diana, were asked to watch the story after he became intrigued with the possibility of Frances Hodgson Burnett's 1886 novel. Recently published Fawcetts are auditioning for the role and the most fashionable choice is 17-year-old Michael Ritchie, Ontario. The Charlottetown version of Fauntleroy promises to be some family fare in short pants. The scene consists of 18 songs, including such classics as Pecos Bill from *Hurricane*, *Swampy* from *Shogun*, *My Name Is Macrae*, etc. He had an original song of his own... *Rita Leslie*

Edited by Martha Houston

Thomas, B. C. brian.thomas@unh.edu likes classical music.

Campagna's (top) unwilling to record the pps. (farther taking Jane Fonda's role



Sports

Hair Power plays for those Jays

By Hal Gurn

Confronting the Toronto Blue Jays, something opponents have enjoyed the past three years will be different this season. The change is trouble. It will be lost on the lively spectators in Oakland, the handful in Cleveland and the screaming mob in New York, but not on the faithful in Toronto or opposing players. The Blue Jays have a new manager who doesn't believe in "too many rules," and so for the first time in the club's brief history Blue Jays won't look like models in a High Tech ad—Blue Jays are sporting sideburns, beards, mustaches, and their hair is spilling over their collars.

Baseball is a game peopled by men who speak in twangs (alongside a lit-

eral sprinkling of Spanish), chew tobacco and flat hiking and hunting—or hunting and fishing—in hobbits. For the fans, it's "stats," cocktails, chairs off in bleacher seats, hotdogs and beer. When the big league arrived in Toronto, it was greeted by snow in the only ball park in the "big" that doesn't sell beer. The Blue Jays were instructed on dress and behavior, and told to tip their caps to the event; the fans should applaud. (One player says Toronto fans "have the worst hands in the majors." But he isn't talking about clapping; he's talking about catching foul balls.) For the players, it just didn't seem like baseball, for the fans, it was a novelty. It's wearing off.

In their first novel season, the Jays lost 107 games, showed promise by lo-

Gutline: "I hope I can get it together"

osing 102 the following year, and then last year lost 109. "Midway through last season, it appeared the players didn't want to win, the attitude was terrible, they were giving up right and left," says Jays President Peter Bavaro. "Ball players, in twangs, Puerto Rican accents or Bronx malapropisms, all say baseball is supposed to be fun. It hasn't been in Toronto."

The average salary in the majors is about \$115,000 but players still get upset. Daisident in residence of the Blue Jays is third baseman Roy Howell. He will be a free agent at the end of this season. (His and other free agents' right to sign with the highest bidder, without their former team being compensated, is the crux of the threatened players' strike.) "It hasn't been good here," says Howell. "Young players around the league don't want to come to Toronto, and that's a bad sign." But the Florida anomaly is glaring off Howell's full red beard. "Yah, there have been changes, there's a better atmosphere now. But it's too late for me."

Many thought it was too late for the new manager, Bobby Mattick, who is 44 and has never managed in the major leagues. "I turned the job down twice before I agreed. But they were persuasive, and have more guts than I do." Bantamwired Mattick, involved in scouting and player development since 1976, because "he related to young players, has been one of the architects of our long-range plans and was involved with the development of the Milwaukee and Montreal clubs into contenders." And as Bavaro puts it, the manager for the first three years, Roy Halladay, was "just worn out by running a team that lost so many games."

Mattick was involved, too, in other changes. Catcher Rick Cerone, pitcher Tim Lincecum and outfielder Ted Williams were traded to the New York Yankees for pitcher Paul Mirabella ("an adequate replacement for Underwood," says Bavaro), rookie second baseman Damiano Garcia ("the key to the deal for us"), and left-fielder first baseman Chris Chambliss. In a position to wheel and deal either Chambliss or Lincecum, first baseman John Mayberry, the Jays sent Chambliss (and infielder Luis Gomez) to Atlanta for relief pitcher Jose Melancon. ("Your reports say he could be a great one, if used properly," outfielder Barry Russell ("great defensively") and infielder Pat Ricketts.

That leaves the Jays weak at catcher and power-hitting, if ancient designated hitter Russ Carty can't come through, and, like every team, in need of pinch-hits. But there is shortstop Alfredo Griffin, co-winner of last year's American League Rookie of the Year award. "He



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will be one of the best shortstops this year, and in a few years the best in the American League," says Markki Griffin is working on his throwing arm (he last year) and his throwing. "I really made Mayberry work over at first, and guys slower than me stole more bases I hope I can get it together this year."

If he does there will be some fun in Toronto, and if he doesn't work out, the Jays may not lose 100 games. At least, this year the Jays will look more like the other teams. ☐

Springtime for a skyscraper

Earl Jones, the 18-year-old son of a West Virginia coal miner, dragged out of Grade 11 for a while last year. But this year he is being pursued by more than 200 colleges using school-athletes in his file. That is because Earl Jones is an eight-foot-tall and the best high-school basketball player in the United States. The best, says the coach of a rival high school, since Lew Alcindor, better known today as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the star centre of the Los Angeles Lakers of the National Basketball Association. That is saying a lot.

Jones is so good that many scouts say he could skip college and turn pro later this year. Following in the path of Moses Malone of the Houston Rockets, Darryl Dawkins of the Philadelphia 76ers and Bill Walton of the Cleveland Cavaliers, these current NBA stars, William (Doc) Robinson, Jones's grandfather, says. "It depends what the offer is. It would have to be very good for Earl to pass up college. It would have to be better than Bird got." (Larry Bird was rewarded with an annual salary of \$624,000 when he left college to join the Boston Celtics last year.) Jones himself wants to leave college, however. "Why?" asks a reporter, expecting to be told about the value of an education and a college degree. "Because I might make more money [in the pros] if I go to college first," says Jones.

Going to college would also mean less pressure for Jones, a sensitive giant who used to be so self-conscious about his height that he would refuse to stand in line for food at buffet banquets. He calls an acquaintance. "If you just come up to Earl and say, 'Hello,' it was all you had asked him the toughest question in his life."

The pressure began to build last year in his home town of Mount Hope. In West Virginia, a poor Appalachian state with little to cheer about, Jones was a celebrity. But he struggled at school and was absent frequently. "He was sick, and he overreacted, and he was thin, and he was that," says principal James Cashe. But the school tolerated the absence and let Jones keep playing basketball. Explains Cashe: "Here's a boy who could be an average student. But his primary gift is athletics. I wanted to be sure Earl had the opportunity to participate in athletics." But the West Virginia press began writing about Jones's tender, second-year lack of size—and questioning the school's priorities. Annoyed by the stories, Jones decided to leave home last summer to play his final year of high-school basketball in the basketball-rich Washington, D.C., area.

Leaving his parents behind in Mount Hope, Jones transferred last September to Washington's Springfield High School, an all-black institution close to the home of his grandfather, Doc Robinson, a mechanical director who had coached him in summer play. Springfield, which has produced stars like Magic Johnson and Dave Bing, received Jones eagerly. But there was bitterness in West Virginia. "Black here," says a West Virginia sportsman, "the feeling is that Earl isn't that good anyway, and that he is destined to become West Virginia's tallest coal miner."

There was trouble ahead for Jones as well. Somebody started the school belief that Jones had missed a lot of class in West Virginia, and after an investigation Jones was declared ineligible for the first half of the season. When he finally did get to play, he led Springfield to the city championship. Earlier this month in the final game against De Math, Jones was doubling as he scored 28 points and racked Jones 15 rebounds to spark Springfield to a come-from-behind 77-69 win. He not only scored on vicious drives and soft lay-ups, as you might expect from a big man, he also dribbled down the court, passed behind his back, and shot from outside like a six-foot-two guard, not a six-foot-ten centre.

Winning the championship was comparatively easy for Jones. Now comes the hard task of earning through the invitations from all those colleges and the temptations from the pros. Jones has narrowed down the college offers to about 10 and has already visited the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) and the University of Nevada, Las Vegas (UNLV), two traditional basketball strongholds. But whatever school he chooses may lose him to a pro or two in the pros, it is most unlikely he will stay in school until graduation. Says Doc Robinson: "Right now, basketball is fun for Earl and that's all he wants to do. And that's what he's going to do for a living. If not this year, then in the very near future. I don't have any doubt he can play pro right now."

Lee Ungshart



Jones: 'Hello' was the toughest question

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92/181

Turning rags into riches

By Larry Black

The tough-talking traders of Montreal looked like Pierre Philidoux, like the level headlines in his own newspapers, could have been lifted straight from the pages of Mickey Spillane. "I don't take crap from anybody," he seizes when it is suggested that unnamed traders at his Philadelphia Journal might have got the better of him in a short lived scruffle earlier this year. "They wanted to play fresh, and they lost everything." People said Philidoux wasn't keen to close his fledgling newspaper rather than give in to the traders' demands for wage parity with other Philadelphia outlets, but they were wrong. The strike ended in four days, and no one disputes who was

Philidoux is about to prove "them" wrong again, as he prepares to launch yet another morning tabloid this month in the United States, where, some still insist, daily newspapers are dying. Philidoux's newest branch will be born in Newark, New Jersey, a highest city which shares most of the problems but little of the glories of neighbouring New York City. The tabloid will duplicate the not-so-sports formula that, people two years ago said would never make it in Philadelphia, which already had three dailies. But this year, the Journal will elbow its way past the magic 100,000 circulation threshold, although it has taken an estimated total loss of \$8 million and a complete editorial staff turnover. His detractors say the formula just won't work in Newark—for one thing, the town hasn't any sports teams. "Don't mind them," he retorts. "Newark is at the crossroads between Philadelphia and New York, two places with plenty of teams. We'll sell all the papers with sports news, we just won't back any one club, that's all."

Philidoux's style of doing business—the swaggering display of confidence tempered with a completely unburdened ability to change his plans if things aren't going his way—has made his company, Quebec Inc., into a publishing empire with profits of \$4 million in 1979. He owns three dailies, a host of regional Quebec weeklies, a photo-focusing firm, a record distribution company and a distribution house he calls the best in Canada. One of all his properties, his half-owned French-language "weeklies" best illustrate the Philidoux personality. They're gutsy, gossipy tabloids with shattering headlines

and lewd photos, all inspired by a belief that newspapers shouldn't try to compete with television. "U.S. and Canadian newspapers don't bear in mind the fact that the people who read their morning papers spend a couple of hours in front of the TV screen the night before," Philidoux told an interviewer a few years ago. "I do. I don't intend to fight television. I will sit it."

He rose from scrapping a \$2,500 loan to buy a neighborhood weekly in 1974, to publishing *Le Journal de Montréal*, Canada's largest French-language daily, is a product of luck and a successful sense of capitalism. When he had trouble finding anyone to print the local papers he bought up in the 1960s, he established his own plant, Montreal's first offset press. The windfall from that coop he then moved in front

of his own problems. The sudden restructuring occurred at *Le Journal de Montréal* and its sister *Journal de Québec*—facing similar strike-based headwinds. *Le Soleil*—resulted in a shortage in Québec's newspaper supply, one only relieved with the help of Québec's national newspaper. In a rare public display of concern, a number of newspaper manufacturers recently accused Philidoux of creating his own shortages because of his reluctance to sign long-term supply contracts in a tight market. Philidoux, in turn, calls them "jokers" who sit on their paper because "they can get an extra 15 per cent for it in the States."

Philidoux blames the "scandalous" shortages of newspaper for delays in the launching of a new English Montreal tabloid he promises will soon compete directly with *Star's* *Gazette*. "Look, I've got the equipment, the distribution and enough advertising lined up to go



Philidoux: lewd photos and lurid headlines

of a couple of striking employees at Montreal's *La Presse* in 1964, and *Le Journal* was born. Later, when his pep weeklies were being frozen out by the city's established newspaper distribution, he resorted to his own company to circulate his papers.

In 1976, another strike at *La Presse*, the afternoon broadsheet owned by Paul Desmarques' Power Corporation of Canada Ltd., finally helped push *Le Journal* over the top as Canada's sec-

ond largest daily. But success brought its own problems. The sudden restructuring occurred at *Le Journal de Montréal* and its sister *Journal de Québec*—facing similar strike-based headwinds. *Le Soleil*—resulted in a shortage in Québec's newspaper supply, one only relieved with the help of Québec's national newspaper. In a rare public display of concern, a number of newspaper manufacturers recently accused Philidoux of creating his own shortages because of his reluctance to sign long-term supply contracts in a tight market. Philidoux, in turn, calls them "jokers" who sit on their paper because "they can get an extra 15 per cent for it in the States."

Philidoux is equally reluctant to disclose the date of the New Jersey opening, but he is certain it will be splashy. "I can tell you I'm going to have a party like the one for the Journal in Philadelphia," he says, boasting that the New Jersey premiere himself will be there. "I haven't rented him yet—but he'll only cost a week's notice." ☐



Scott's Kelly (left), Green and Proulx. Nabob ad (below): teasing a few nabobs

Please do not adjust your set

The news raned scarcely anywhere in the Toronto advertising world. Thomas J. Lipton Ltd.—makers of tea, soup and other commodities—was on the hunt for a new ad agency to handle the \$1-million portion of its advertising account destined to swap roles, in an industry where account shifts frequently occur at the same pace as the shifting of a revolving door. But, when Lipton announced its choice of agency late last month—Scott, McCabe & Co. (Canada) Ltd.—the agency world sat bolt upright and nearly choked. Suddenly during the past six months, the Scott agency has battled from new to celebrity status and \$12 million in billings is an industry staple for the number of grassroots marketing failed attempts.

Scott's sudden rise to prominence is a dramatic example of what is emerging as the new trend away from big-name to the underdog comfort of tightly structured agencies. English-language advertising in Canada—including radio, TV, newspapers, magazines and billboards—has been dominated traditionally by a clutch of large-scale agencies based in Toronto, many with branch offices located in other major cities across the country. Within this group, about half are subsidiaries of giant U.S. New

York-based agency conglomerates, but an equal number are strictly Canadian. In fact, the list of the Top 10 agencies includes eight Canadian "shops"—though in the ad world, national winners, of course, never sit back, except in the awarding of government contracts, where foreign agencies are excluded. Although there has been little change among Canada's Top 10 over the past two decades (Canada's largest last year was the wholly Canadian McKim Advertising Ltd. with an estimated \$70 million in billings, and 10th place went to U.S.-owned Leo Burnett Advertising at \$12 million), even they have acknowledged the need to soul-search by creating in some cases satellite enterprises for clients who want the intimacy of a smaller agency. And the medium-to-small-sized agency category, beginning at roughly \$20 million in billings, has been scoring major victories, sometimes winning accounts from the clutches of larger agencies. So it is an ever-changing, sometimes flaky, scene where hype and puff often blend with reality, until they sometimes become almost indistinguishable.

Why has the Scott, McCabe experience so captivated the ad world in the past several months? Leaders in agency structure rather than agency size is the key. "We believe that if we can put together a *discrete* team of very serious people working in an agency that has no *fatism*, then we can solve problems faster and produce bet-

ter advertising than some of the larger better-known agencies," says President Richard Kelly who, along with Creative Director Gary Proulx and Media Director Paul Green, founded Scott in Canada. What Scott boasts is a flatter, less hierarchical structure than the traditional large houses, though whether that's just a temporary benefit of being small may show up soon at the rate the agency is growing.

Ironically, for all the excitement Scott is generating, the agency so far has produced few ads. Causing most of the stir in a TV ad for Nabob ground coffee—a



product of Nabob Foods Limited of Vancouver—an advertising campaign against three of Nabob's rival coffee brands. The campaign—Scott's first—was simple and direct, and most notably winning the Nabob account for Scott, is an advertisement for the agency itself, giving other advertisers an example of what Scott, McCabe meant by *teasing, dog-out* advertising.

The commercial shows an actor holding a sharp-edged Nabob coffee pack which he then uses to smash three rival brands—Chase & Sanborn, Blue Bird and Maxwell House—spewing their grounds across a table. He describes the virtues of the Nabob pack of coffee. "Want a better, fresher cup of coffee? Simple. Start with a better, fresher coffee. Nabob." It's one of the most blatant "comparative" ads yet aired on Canadian TV. Some find it offensive by being too hard on the competition. What other agencies are finding, however, is that it represents a fresh, tough approach. They're awoken.

For the moment, Scott, McCabe has given the industry the look of shoveling gold it has not felt since the 1960s, when unconventional and creative ad agencies of some of the country's large and established agencies, the final judgment of the effectiveness of its advertising will be made at the country's cash registers.

Mark Smyke

If the shoe fits, sell it

Magnum snowshoes they may offend the purist, but they don't slough wet snow. They are lighter, sturdier and more rubber-resistant than most of the conventional wood-and-canvas variety—qualities that have made them a favorite of some stamping NATO soldiers since they were introduced 20 years ago by a small company in the sleepy Ottawa Valley town of Beaufort, Ontario. Magnum of Canada Limited is the world's leading manufacturer of magnesium snowshoes, turning out an average of 20,000 pairs a year—about one-fifth of total world snowshoe production—for the U.S., Britain, Norway and even Australian armies. Now, Magnum is trying to improve its profit picture by breaking into the recreational market.

Magnum snowshoes don't sound fancy, but there could hardly be a more Canadian product. The shoes were de-



signed 20 years ago for the Canadian Army by Douglas Vero, a Beaufort engineer. They were so admired by U.S. troops on joint maneuvers that Vero decided to go into business along with another Beaufort engineer. Snowshoes account for about half of Magnum's \$3.5 million in sales, the rest coming from industrial products such as lightweight aluminum buckets. Magnum's for Magnum's products comes from a nearby Beaufort river while the strapping of the snowshoes—using nylon-reinforced cable instead of canvas—is done by 300 Indians from two local reserves.

Magnum's snowshoes: no crunching sound

The Indians "kilt" the shoes at home in their spare time to earn pocket money, welcome in an area of high unemployment. The sewing was designed for Magnum by Mary Gosselin, an Algonquin Indian from the Golden Lake reserve who based her pattern on the traditional design of the Algonquians. "We tried all sorts of experiments, but in the end the native patterns were best," says Magnum's general manager Stewart. Friday, Elliott is sewing snowshoes by machine, knee failed, to achieve the proper tension it must be done by hand. Most of the 200,000 pairs of snowshoes purchased around the world each year are strung by Indians, with about 50,000 wooden pairs coming from Quebec.

Magnum had the retail snowshoe market to itself until two years ago when its biggest customer, the U.S. Army, encouraged a New York company to give it some competition. As a result, Magnum lost some sales and some of its complacency. The ensuing decision to attack the much larger recreational market with the newer \$105 magnesium shoes was reinforced by the fact that a scarcity of elm ash has driven up the price of the best wooden shoes to \$60 or \$90. The company could hardly have picked a worse winter to launch its product than the one that just ended. The lack of snow in Ontario and Quebec left the bulk of winter sporting goods exposed on retailers' shelves. But Magnum will be back next winter, says Findlay, who predicts that within 10 years he will be selling 100,000 pairs a year to hikers and backpackers across North America in spite of the fact that snowshoes, as far as he can see, show the same recreation boom as, say, cross-country skis. But Findlay is keeping his eyes crossed. At the same time, Magnum is looking for what could be the catch of the decade: a contract to supply the Chinese army's search and rescue squads. Company officials are reluctant to discuss details but they have been talking about the deal for two years and waiting patiently for an invitation to Peking. Needless to say, it could mean a lot of snowshoes.

Spencer



Apology to Garth Drabinsky

In an article about Toronto lawyer and motion picture producer Garth Drabinsky that appeared in the November 6, 1979 issue of Maclean's, Mr. Drabinsky was re-

ferred to in a manner that was misinterpreted and incorrect, misleading and offensive both in tone and content. The article gave the wrong impression of Mr. Drabinsky as a person as a lawyer and as a filmmaker.

Maclean's apologizes without reservation to Mr. Drabinsky and sincerely regrets the personal pain and professional harm caused to him by the article.



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Art is in the eye of the eater

Once every two months, on chilly Saturday mornings, Toronto high school teacher Catherine Serda waits for hours in line just to buy five pounds of luxurious, exotic chocolate at a shop called Stephano's. It is not listed in the phone book and is open only two hours at a time, 30 days a year. Yet Serda waits willingly. She is devoted to the chocolate that is imported in its raw form from Belgium, then hand-moulded and filled with rich creamy centres by a European couple on the premises. "Imported chocolate is the best," she says with conviction.

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Donovan, from Easter eggs to saddle shoes

these is exported into the metropolitan areas and the United States. But the price is not cheap. A pound of this quality chocolate can cost from \$18 to \$28 (compared to Leers, Scord's \$4.95-a-pound). Just one decadently rich luscious truffle, made with chocolate,

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marsh flowers and whipping cream and weighing far less than an ounce, sells for 60 cents.

Why are Torontonians indulging in such an expensive item in a time of supposed economic austerity? Jean Dondan, owner of Taza Chocolaterie (which also has a chocolate kitchen in the back), explains. "People are beginning to want and pay for quality." Susan Lortensky, owner of another Toronto shop, Au Chocolat, agrees. "Even kids come in at lunch and buy a truffle. They tell me they prefer my chocolates to a candy bar. Of course, one bite and you know it's different." The difference, chocolate connoisseur Seiden points out, is that "most Canadian chocolate has wax in it and is too sweet." Ryna Rhinowman, co-owner of Chocolate Fantasia, believes it is only a matter of educating the public before her product becomes very popular. "Most commercial chocolates are made by machine. But we do everything by hand, and we use 100-percent chocolate and very little sugar. People don't realize that it takes up to three days to make a chocolate truffle. So early in life are they outraged at the price."

Since these chocolates have no preservatives and therefore have a shelf life of only three months, they are impractical for mass production. Yet large chocolate manufacturers are watching the trend with interest. Bill Wardle, president of the 200 Laura Secord stores across Canada, believes the shops cater to a select clientele. "These small businesses are selling uniqueness and handmade," Wadle he contends that the specialty market is expanding, he questions its long-term viability. "We wonder how long they'll survive at these kinds of prices."

One survival tactic is the tempting way in which the wares are displayed. Hand-dipped orange peels and chocolate-covered nut clusters are carefully arranged under glass cases like so many prized jewels. Other gimmicks such as chocolate tennis rackets and solid-chocolate greeting cards lure in unsuspecting clients who are more interested in the clever gifts. Some of the shops also will create a chocolate sculpture for special occasions. Toronto lawyer Maureen Sariman requested a saddle shoe made out of light and dark chocolate for a 30th birthday party she attended. "It really looked authentic." However, most buying takes place during gift-giving seasons such as Easter, Christmas and Valentine's Day. Says Toronto Hydro employee Craig Dolevsky, who recently bought a birthday Easter egg made of buttercream and milk chocolate for his chocolate-loving girlfriend. "Special occasions are a great way to ration her dose of chocolate."

Jane Rogers

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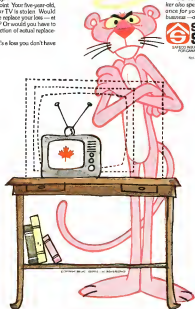
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Press

Eastern insight

When Halifax advertising executive Bill Belliveau decided to launch a magazine for the four Atlantic provinces, he was about the only one who thought it would work. No one would invest in the venture. This season in the region wouldn't advertise. And a survey found widespread doubts that the region could sustain a quality magazine. Even his office, says Belliveau, "had severe personal doubts about its chances." What Belliveau, 39, could not do was win readers. He sold 25,000 copies of the first issue and now, as *Atlantic Insight* celebrates its first birthday this month, circulation has climbed to 45,000. "We are the third-largest paid-circulation monthly magazine in Atlantic Canada, behind only *Proctor's Digest* and *Chesapeake*," he says with pride. What is more, the magazine has been covering its costs since November and Belliveau expects a return of about 30 per cent on revenues this year.

Editor Harry Bruce, happy "to have seen my own bears prove all wrong," has been turning out a glossy, sprightly monthly that manages to follow Belliveau's original concept of "a quality magazine that would celebrate the people and happenings of Atlantic Canada." Laid out in its use of color, *Insight* looks like a hybrid of *Time* and *Men's* but the content is all East Coast. Almost every issue has a local writer in the Atlantic area who has submitted stories to *Insight*. Every month opens with an article on the region, followed by a story on each of the four provinces (the order is rotated each month to avoid giving offense) and a contribution from the magazine's Ottawa correspondent, identified only as

Belliveau, MacDonald, Bruce and art director Bill Palmer. (opposite page)

The Fax City Phantom who is "prone to make government information." In the first year, Bruce and Managing Editor Marjory MacDonald fought to avoid the demerit of East Coast news: the Halifax label. Getting *Insight* is a regional cousin of *Living Toronto*, by running a series of features on small towns and choosing cover stories carefully, a balancing act that Bruce says is "much the choosing a subject in a mythical regional government." As each issue takes shape, "we're down to saying not just 'We're weak on Newfoundland' but 'We're weak on western Newfoundland.'" Bruce, who at 48 is a veteran of *Murdoch's Sunday Night* and *The Canadian*, says readers have taken a pride in *Insight* that is "partly a generosity, they feel this magazine is theirs." Adds MacDonald: "They expect to be in it. If an issue or two goes by with no mention of their community, they write."

Insight is celebrating its birthday next week with a party. When James McInnes, executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, got his invitation, he was surprised *Insight* was only one year old. He says the magazine is so widely accepted that people almost take it for granted. "It's as if everybody's read it. For five years of its one-year life." What Belliveau and Bruce want for a birthday present, though, will have to wait at least another month. They're planning for a national magazine award in the Outstanding Achievement by Magazines category. That won't be announced until May. Bruce Little



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Asking questions over coffee

An ancient Turkish proverb advises that coffee should be black as hell, strong as death and sweet as love. Coffee drinkers have always accepted, even embraced, the sudden rashes, the insomnia and flutters of the heart that coffee, like vitamins of hell or love, has brought them. As long as these trifling ailments are understood to be the signs of coffee's effects, even the most food-phobic folk have perked along, sipping, gulping, measuring their lives with coffee spoons. Sixty-two per cent of Canadians over the age of 16 drink the stuff—an average of 3.2 cups a day. In the past year, however, several studies have been published hinting that coffee—yes—ar, more precisely, caffeine, one of

its alkaloid components—could have a more disturbing physiological impact than previously suspected. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently started a battery of tests involving rats and the ingestion of caffeine through drinking water. "The question," says Sanford Miller, director of the FDA's bureau of foods, "is whether caffeine is dangerous at ordinary levels of human consumption." What is making Miller jittery, along with federal officials in Washington and Ottawa, is recent evidence that caffeine interferes with two activities humans value highly: thinking and sex.

That caffeine affects thinking is no surprise to those who know of the venerable association between caffeine-containing beverages—coffee, tea, cocoa and cola—and 18th-century England's chocolate houses. Vienna's cafés or even the encephalot that lined roads the soda fountains of their own role-fueled adolescence. Until recently, however, just why caffeine stimulated

mental activity was a mystery. This February, John Phillips and Peter W. at the University of Saskatchewan announced they had cracked the secret. They reported that caffeine injected into the brains of rats blocked the action of an enzyme depressant, adenine, thereby stepping up the transmission of messages between nerve cells. As with rats, so with people? The human data are clouded by the great variation of caffeine's strength in different beverages and blends. But the FDA has become so concerned about the impact of caffeine stimulation on the developing brains of young children, it threatened the cola industry with regulation. The industry has responded by sponsoring a major series of studies.

Caffeine's effects on sex are suspected of being even more sensitive. In high concentrations it has been observed to affect the fertility and shrink the testicles of rats. And that caffeine is a cause of birth defects has been known for some time. When male or female rats are dosed with caffeine, their offspring run a higher risk of being born with missing digits or of dying young. "We don't have the faintest idea what this means for humans," admits Dr. Sumner Telford of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. But in January he warned that "prospective mothers and fathers should be profuse around the time of orgasm" about the amount of caffeine consumed.

There are other recent caffeine-scare studies making headlines in the medical press. Last year, Ohio State University researchers found that when women with benign breast ailments—lumps, swelling, pain—completely cut coffee, tea, chocolate and cola from their diets, more than half had noticeable within two to six months. As a result of this report, some doctors have counseled their patients to abstain from coffee—although there have been no definitive studies on the effects of caffeine on breast tissue.

The impact of these recent findings has not yet shown up in decaffeinating or cola sales. Still, in the day near at hand when one's beloved breakfast mug carries the warning HEALTH AND WEAR AND TEAR, it is always that danger to health: INCREASED WITH AMOUNT CONSUMED—AVOID SWALLOWING? "No," says Alexander Morrison, assistant

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Justice Underpaid women, undervalued jobs

By Elizabeth Gray

Just as soon as she settles the details of incorporation, Leona Mollie will hang out a shingle in Ankeny, Iowa. Mollie, a nursing student, views nursing as a partnership with a firm which will establish her as an independent business woman. When she does, she will take with her more than \$1,000 in retroactive pay, marking the end of a nine-year career as a nurse in the federal penitentiary service. Mollie also will take some satisfaction in knowing that, thanks to her efforts, the service is not quite the same as it was when she entered it.

Mollie is the 37-year-old nurse who signed her name to a grievance to the Canadian Human Rights Commission claiming wage discrimination based on sex. Late in February, in what was hailed as a landmark equal pay settlement, she and five other nurses at Nova Scotia's Springhill and Dartmouth penitentiaries learned they had won their case. Heretofore female nurses will be paid on a par with the male hospital technicians with whom they work,

earning annual increases of about \$1,300 each.

It is a step forward in the battle for women's equal pay to be sure—but there's a twist. The Mollie case is not the landmark it was hailed to be. What it upholds is the right to equal pay for equal work, a principle which has had at least token recognition in Canada since the '30s. But the watershed victory the commission so badly wanted to give credit to its unique enabling legislation was not to be had at Springhill and Dartmouth. Still unresolved is the much newer principle of equal pay for jobs which, though very different, are judged to be of equal value.

When Human Rights Commission investigators first descended on Springhill and Dartmouth prisons to begin their assessments, they thought they had their test case. The women were highly trained and qualified nurses, the men were not. The women earned an average annual salary of \$10,000, the men earned about \$1,000 more. Yet the jobs actually performed by the men and women were precisely the same. "The only differences were that the nurses

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NEW WAVE: NO-STAR ROCK

By David Livingstone

The mirrored ball high in the arched roof of the old dance hall remembered its role, turning sedately to cast speckled circles of light on the faces of the dancers. Indeed, the dancers themselves, some with shocking punk hair, others in wide-shouldered leopard skin jump suits, were two-stepping—but not in the fashion of their parents, who had glided out Saturday nights of the Depression and war years in the same lakeshore dance hall, Toronto's Palais Royale. These dancers were hopping rhythmically from one foot to another—one, two, one, two—to a brand new beat, a mixture of the hard four-four of rock 'n' roll and the slight syncopation of West Indian ska music, pumped out by a British band called The Specials, a beat that made strolling still a waste of legs. White shirts and shapless jackets, apparently bequeathed by the death of a salesman, every particle hairs tucked over hair cut so short the scalp gleamed through, ordinary faces except for the toothless grin of the keyboard player, this was the look of the band that had Toronto hot as a cold winter night. A look that was pulled on like protection by many of the fans jumping on the dance floor, a uniform for the '80s. "Was there any-

The Specials, Michael Jordano, posture advertising Toronto new wave bands at local bars. "Let's jump so and show!"



and sounds every nineteen—is just a reversal of good old rock 'n' roll. Listen harder, past the nostalgia of '60s-style organs and the self-conscious parody of Beatle harmonica laments to the pared-down musical arrangements, the dissonant guitars, the sometimes exhilarating beat, the compressed-sounding voices with their rich edges trimmed off, the mingled sea and cool despair of the lyrics.

It's better than pleasure and it hurts more than pain. Control your body and adjust your soul are the '80s-style instructions in a new dance song by James White and The Blacks. It's understandably music for the '80s, for children of limited expectations, for urban dwellers (urbanites dwellers) facing a future made strange by technology, the price of housing, inflation, threats of war. If punk rock was angry, new wave is cool—nearly prepared to cope with real-

ern life.

And though it appeals to the moods for moderns, its values would sound awfully strange to those dancers who circled the floor of the Palais Royale in the '60s and '70s: self-sufficiency, independence, integrity, *i-will-do-it-myself*. Despite its sometimes alarming punk trappings, this green Spandex pants paired with clashing orange shorts, new wave music is the farthest two-step away from decadence, from disco, from the moment music industry hype of the past few years. Its byword is no *desire*, desire, desire but think, think, think.

It's almost as if new wavers have been reading *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, having replaced disco, new wave is the only pop music trend at the moment that is growing. The pioneer success in North America of groups such as Blondie, The Police and

ATC (top right), The Police's Steve Nieve (top left), Bob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats (left), The Clash's members looking being

The Cars, registered in lists of last year's musical hits, was just a beginning. Currently on the pop charts are The Boomtown Rats, The Jam, The Undertones, Pretenders, Bamcocks, Madness and more. In early February The Specials—sisterband—opened twice for The Police in Vancouver and before they could leave town they had to play one night by themselves to satisfy their fans' demands. Radio is suddenly with it, big-city radio stations are trying to be the first with the most new wave. Even AM radio is beginning to see the light, five weeks after its first reluctant appearance. NYC was back in Toronto to appear at Massey Hall and to discover that its single, *Making Plans for Nigel*, had beaten out super-group Pink Floyd for number one at a major AM station. New wave has taken early root in Canada, perhaps it's the British connection. Major acts—Talking Heads, The Clash, Dave Edmunds, The Police, Joe Jackson, Tom Verlaine and others—have sold proportionately higher here than in the United States. "Talking Heads have sold gold and the B-52's platinum," says a spokesman for WEA Music of Canada. "In fact, the Toronto market for the B-

a single because AIR stations are interested now that it is no longer sounds so strange."

But far better than in the skyscraping data of the music business, an industry well-known for confining sales statistics with standards, the spirit of new wave may be read in the sound itself, the style of those who made it and the attitude of those who come to listen. Though persistently tagged "new wave," the new music does not submit easily to classification. It takes inspiration from pop, rock, reggae, jazz and disco, and it is brash enough to borrow lessons from "serious" sources such as the work of electronics composers Philip Glass and Steve Reich, muddying the distinction between "popular" music and its time-honored superior, art. It is primitive and it is "post-modern." Performers play guitars as if they were just invented but take synthesizers for granted. Their stance combines the cool of the street-wise tough with the not-so-composed of the minimalist artist. And for a new generation of city dwellers who consider going to concerts a staple of life, new wave is loud, simple, fun, cheap and as close as the local bar.

The new music has been gaining ground since 1975, binding together the various scenes of those who were against the then predominant Los An-



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Toronto bands (from left, The News, Diodes, John Cuth and Paul Robinson, Twisted Head, Huxley and The Marbles, best buddies standing with a world of light).

gates last-back pop music styles. The label "new wave" first gained currency in 1978, while to name it implied the sophisticated pop sensibility of acts like Husks or Nick Lowe (Husks' sister, Joe (Joe City) Roberts) rather than the hard-driving nihilism of The Sex Pistols and The Dead Boys (There isn't so future and there isn't so past, new wave was then used interchangeably with "punk." However, by the time Sid Vicious had recorded his incoherent version of Paul Anka's My Way, not long before his death in February, 1979, the word punk was already sounding old-fashioned and "new wave" became the common name. Now, the brainy edginess of the Romantics, the cerebral cynicism of Robert Fyfe, the progressive conservatism of The Clash or the cultivated oddity of Gary Numan no longer fit so well in the category of new wave, and most performers prefer no label at all.

Although they followed few musical rules, new wave artists had a clean break from the lavish, over-dubbed studio productions, extravagant stage shows and gaudy personas that were the conventions of '70s rock. And, appropriate to the pared-down mode of operation, they emerged as a new breed of performers who, though not shy of theatrical gestures, came to stand against empty stars—no-frills rockers who looked as plain as they talked. They could be kept without apology. Patsy Faxon of Toronto's now-defunct The Curve was not exactly Keith Moon on drums, but letting drops of her heavily colored lips in a slow-motion wink to the middle of some old '60s pop song, she was making proof that there are other talents besides musical proficiency. Charming aside obvious glamor, new wave performers dressed the hype with Talking Heads distributed a box which read, with refreshing innocence, "The

Images we present, along with our songs is what we are really like."

The words that came again and again to mind when talking to new wave performers are integrity and independence, a desire to earth attitude aside away from the self-indulgent and glib generation of pop stars. "The next we can do is be ourselves," says Martha Ladler, just back from a British tour with Martha and The Maffins, a Toronto band that music readers are sure is about to "break." As for their roots in the suburbs of Thornhill and Richmond Hill of the country's first placed commercial, they have entered their first album *Mothers Must Wash* in as pretentious as they get. "It's so difficult to pull off a big facade," continues Ladler, handing over the band's press kit—four sheets of paper on which she has pasted first-person account of the group's skyrocketing career. That's not to say that new wave performers can't handle a facade if they choose to do so. For instance, The News Twins, two Toronto women who call themselves Turch and Fugit, explore the power of gender, dressing up as bag ladies and gang bangers. But they are not preoccupied with image that they forget why they're doing it. "We're just in it for the fun," says Fugit. "As soon as it seems to be fun, we'll be something else, become brain surgeons maybe."

Concerned with style enough to have already had radical effects on graphic design and fashion, new wave nevertheless challenges basic expectations of how things should look. Marilee Jordan, her hair the androgynous green of a city person's punk, her pelvis breaking out of skirtlike pants, does not look like the respected stylist who was already receiving national media attention before she became lead singer of Toronto's The Poles. In late 1977, the band released *C.N. Tower*, a single that gave

images we present, along with our songs is what we are really like."

the brassiest of Jordan's respectable past (Tulsa was in the lower turn on the power, I'm power) and was one of the first new wave songs to get played on Toronto radio. Yet, Marilee Jordan and The Poles is still not a household name. Waiting for the contract offer that will grant the artistic control she prizes over stardom, Jordan is extremely pragmatic about the music business. "Record deals are absolutely shit"—and staunchly self-determining. "I want to do my material my way. It's the same as music as it is. No one's going to see what I see unless I point it out and no one's going to hear what I hear unless I sing it." Independence and integrity.

Some performers, like Jordan, have worked the new wave scene for years without greater rewards than the acclaim of their loyal followers, that kind of tough-mindedness seems characteristic of new wave. Unlike disco with its talk about shock beauty, body beat and getting down, new wave has brains. In fact, its intellectual nature is even inherent in its essential guitar. Other notable styles, 100% Loquax of Jost Communications, a Toronto research firm that advises radio stations on programming policies, explains "Disco really was an electronic phenomenon because

of its inherent frequencies which induce a transfer of energy to the legs. New wave, on the other hand, is higher frequency, induces a neurological transfer, not a muscular transfer. Instead of moving in a trance-like way, people are more apt to jump up and down." In times politically and economically hawking, new wave emphasizes the importance of its mindless basic survival. *Disco* has sung one song about suicides, sticking brains and another about modern paranoia (I have dipped in double meaning) I have stuck with disco clout. The Romantics have done a dance tune about going mental. And Talking Heads, as well as naming themselves, have recorded a song entitled, simply, *Mind*. Paving through popular culture and purely imagining horrors that only the daily newspapers can match, new wave artists seem cheerfully anorectic, ingrained by a sense of fate that is often juvenile, yet coldly alert to the world around them.

So far new wave's independent thinking has made it too ornery to tame. But on the most notable label since disco, the new music is coming increasingly under the speculative eye of the mainstream music industry, which hopes to make a hot trend hotter

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Janczyk Pomelo: loud, simple, fun, cheap

and took in on it. In December, 1978, the Robert Stuyvesant Organization was sending out advance word that *Three Seasons*, a movie due this October, would do for new wave what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco. And though the film is being directed by Montrealer Allen Mayle (whose two best-known films, *Montreal Man* and *The Rubber Gun*, have been anything but explosive), even Mayle is surprised to find himself speaking of his movie's sound track as "the album."

Howard Fester, bass player with The Specials, describes the dilemma that is yet to be resolved: "It's odd that something that started out basically as a last-ditch revolt against megabucks and superstars could end up becoming what it was fighting against in the first place." And there is mounting evidence that the commercial assault is on. A shoppies ad currently running on television has a second track that is seductively influenced by the *Blonde* hit *Heart of Glass*, and Debbie Harry, who sang the song in the first place, wound up on this year's *Grammy Awards* show trading

starlet quips with that ruddy institution, George Burns. Boots shoes, having long ago abandoned the natural virtues of the inverted heel, for spring has introduced a verger of Beefeater boots that will, so progress goes, make those first worn by new wave performers seem tired. And indeed, the music industry has taken up the notion of new wave so promiscuously it seems that any group spotted together in narrow lanes is putting out an album.

But, apart from the commitment of the performers themselves, there are aspects of the new wave scene that should have no trouble resisting attempts to dilute the music for mass consumption. New wave has won its loyal following by getting back to basics, tearing hard and long, ignoring concert halls and stadiums to play grubby local haunts. Its young fans are female because they once again believe in their right to see favorites in intimate surroundings at clubs that were left echoing and empty throughout the superstar '70s. And though many British and American bands play Canada, they do not understand local talent as much as

experimental bands did in the last decade because they are travelling on the same limited scale as its first and second North American tours. The Falco crossed the country in a station wagon.

The music is developing on a regional rather than a national scale, its strongest centers on the continent located in New York, Detroit, Cleveland and Akron, Toronto and Vancouver. The Vancouver scene, as described by Tom Harrison, the rock critic of the *Vancouver Province*, is typical of new wave breeding grounds: local clubs willing to hire no-name bands, lots of cheap recording activity and specially record stores which stock all the local singles and the import albums from Britain. Says Harrison: "It seems that everything is happening now. Every local act seems to be going into the studio. Pounded Sticks are signed to Shift [a high-profile English new wave label]. The *Flaxies* are scheduled to release four songs on S&M, and *Quintessence*, a local record store, has gone from just selling records to making them independently—two of its first releases are the Young Canadians and The Subhumans."

It has been an exhilarating lesson of new wave that personal taste and effort still matter, that music done on a small scale can once again make an impact. When The Specials decided to start their own Two-Tone label to provide increasingly common among bands too marginal to persuade large companies to back them or who want control over their careers, they didn't have enough money to put songs on both sides of the first 45. But the first five songs they released reached the top 30 in England. Working with the strength of amateur enthusiasm, inspiring individuals have been able to change the pop music of their day. "I would never go through the trouble of looking on as I didn't want to see myself," says Gary Corner who, with associate Gary Top, makes up a Toronto new wave legend called "the two Garys." Not only have the Garys taken chances with an endless list of local bands, they have shown re-



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Vancouver beats (from left): Art Bergman of Young Canadians, Pounded Sticks, Jay Sheibred of S.O.A., models for producers

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remarkable thought and taste in arranging for the debut appearances in Toronto of *The Remains*, *The Knack* and *The Police*, among others. Since appearances have now become used to being able to see what they have come for, and not a two-inch back of color as a stage thousands of seats away, Corvair says, "The days of the dinosaur hall are over."

The close contact between new wave performers and fans has meant not only a jolting revival of fan clubs (a membership in Toronto's Head's got you are 5-by-10 glossy photo and a balloon) but also a trust in the integrity of the music that harks back to the days of the Beatle. The trust has even inspired the professional, cynical, rock music press. British rockers like *Melody Maker* and *New Musical Express* are notorious for keeping a tab on a performer's ego cracked for evidence of compromise, and rap crackles with doctrinaire rules when they sense a band is having trouble keeping standards at bay. Recently they savaged Gary Numan as derivative, mercenary and opportunistic. Replicas Numan, "In England, the press takes everything too seriously, then writes too seriously and me and others too seriously. I'm very unfashionable in that I admit that I want to be famous, admit to being money and being a star. If you want to be fashionable then prove about how bad it is on the day and how you go at Margaret Thatcher."

New wave artists have taken all the chances a theory commitment is a new way of making music demands: raising obscenity, poverty, culture. Raising Marxism to just the next challenge, for as Andy Partridge of *XTC* says, "Pretend will always make other people into stars. As long as one person stands in front of another person for purposes of entertainment you run the risk of becoming a star." But fans, critics and performers alike trust that new wave will survive the pressures of fame and fame. As they wander tightly into the groupie club that are the temples of new wave, they are aware that, in the words of Talking Heads, "This one's no joke, this one's no disco this one's no feeling around."



Films

Hooked-in, laid-back and winged way out

REVIEW
Directed by McPadden

Serial opens with a shot of fiery clouds that dispense to reveal the sun-drenched northern California Marin County and it ends up there in the clouds as well. Held between these two airy shots is an 80-minute film had just dropped in, to one what condition the film is in is a breakfast breakfast—a risk, dithering from verbal slapstick and sexual faces with the pill-mill grace of early Howard Hawks remakes like *Bringing Up Baby*. Serial is the great American sex farce—the funniest movie of the year—and it's likely to do for audiences today what *M*A*S*H* did for them at the beginning of the '70s. In demonstrating just what a man the decade was, Serial proves the way for a new kind of humor, too, as *M*A*S*H* did; the howlers are the first-

est point-it's deliciously, dourly lived. Beautifully adapted and updated from Cyra McPadden's 1977 book, *The Serial*, the movie keeps giggling noise corals all over the place. McPadden and her own neighborhood as a microcosm for North American culture wherein everyone worth his social status believed and indulged in trends and fads as they happened along (therapy, cults, wails, cocaine) is an attempt to deal with his own private desperation. The result was confusion, mostly mandated sexually Serial catches the most minute expressions of the California-motivated malice as it would infiltrate, punting them against the wall, and it goes after touchy subjects (Gypsies, gay chic, feminism, ecology and even death) with a brain-brain—and even there. After all, when you live in a society where you can take a pill to get a last, sen-

thing strange is going down.

Using the book conceiving narrative technique pioneered by Robert Altman, Serial is a collage of stories. The only way to describe it is to say it has a kind of over-the-top farce. Holding it all together is Harry (Martin Mull, who can't believe his eyes and ears and who hasn't caught up with the rest of the world. Harry is totally out of it. "What is over-the-top?" he asks his wife, Kate (Tuesday Weld). "A sex word for real sex?" Their daughter Joanne (Jennifer McArthur) joins a cult which specializes in smiling and abortion. Kate's best friend, Martha (Betsy Kellerman), who is part of her consciousness-raising group, is getting married for the fifth time. "It's a bit," Harry reflects after the wedding. "I wonder if Ted and Martha are still married." Martha's son, Stanley, spends most of his life in the office of a therapist who is trying to put the kid in touch with his childhood. "I'm only 18 years old, you dick," Stanley tells him.

Serial's characters believe all the bull they have learned to live by and the words that come out of their mouths—"I respect your space," "Stay mellow," "I'd like to share this moment with you"—seem perfectly natural to them. The viciousness underlying all that isn't, however, liberates by a sympathy for people not knowing any better. Yet the characters, beneath the ingenuities of trend, can be malicious—the little boys who they prepare as for the movie's more subtle scenes. "You still get being liberated mixed up with being a bitch," Harry tells Kate. "Bring with it" as Serial is often and simply a cover for being vicious—or just plain screwed up.

The cast of movies couldn't have been more carefully packed. Mull looks perpetually, artfully annoyed under Tuesday Weld's tongue in so sharp it could shave a baby's bottom, and Betsy Kellerman is so laid back she keeps threatening to slide out of every scene. Bill Macy as Harry's buddy Sam, who still refers to sex as "hooking," is very touching and, in one of the most perverse and inspired shows a baby's bottom, and Tuesday Weld as the leader of a bunch of gay Gypsies who "dress up in leather and play old Judy Garland records." The director, Bill Persky (what can you say about a fellow like this one?), keeps the movie swimming with details, and they all add to the richness of the film. A veritable encyclopedia of the cast, as are most of the cast, as are the writers. Bill Austin and Michael Elias, Persky (Serial Serial into a sexual soap opera—a knockabout brilliant sitcom. It may be a new genre—the comedy of the overripe.

Lawrence O'Toole

Art Here's to a rebirth of past glory



Minister of Culture opens 1989 PCA show. Shih, Trudeau at 1989's art's artifacts

an attitude conspicuously absent today. Except for a shapely and contrived show planned for this summer the yearlong National Gallery birthday celebration is ignoring contemporary Canadian art—for reasons only partly of its choosing.

In an era of what Trudeau would call "reduced expectations" galleries are the first to get cut. The National Gallery is no exception. Still, throughout its history—in spite of nearly fending and often hostile governments—it has managed to establish an excellent collection of European art and the largest collection of Canadian art anywhere. Under its last director, Jean Sutherland Rogers, the gallery achieved international success in both historical and contemporary art fields. Now it is back to Square 1, with people mope and not wondering what happened. Cutbacks, inflation and an uncooperative Treasury Board which is refusing to buy purchases for the "temporary" gallery have undermined its acquisitions policies, and Shih has just threatened to resign if funds are not increased. "In the traditional field the gallery has collected we are now unable to compete," she says, adding, "I've got to keep the place alive and growing."

Previous directors saw the National as a gallery of Western painting and sculpture. But Shih's "growth" vision is "more anthropological than art historical," as one of her curators puts it. Re-

sources, sleights and personal costumes more successfully masqueraded as the spirit of March 6, 1989, the opening of the first two exhibitions and the birth of the National Gallery. Until 1912 the two shared a common history, nurtured then by the gallery's growing support of those non-academy art rebels, the Group of Seven, and the art of Parliament that officially repudiated them. By switching allegiances, the gallery proved it would support the best Canadian art no matter how controversial.

While collecting artifacts of other cultures, she wishes to put more emphasis on the decorative arts—for instance, to display a 19th-century vase with a flower. With each object purchased Shih moves the gallery closer to museum status—artifacts rather than arts—which reflects her view that "we don't really have a national heritage, we have a cultural connection with each other."

Shih is also avidly seeking donations and a private endowment—again to keep the gallery growing. She has already secured the Hornbush collection of South Asian art through Toronto industrialist Miss Trautman. The Henry Mark Collection of Canadian Silver was acquired as a gift a few months ago, immediately provoking a scandal among Quebec museums and scholars who felt that the predominantly Quebec-born curators should stay in that province. The winners of these successive coups (something akin to a museum landing a big international touring show like *King Tut*) has earned Shih the label "art entrepreneur" from another of her curators. But in the prime domain of art donations you do not get something for nothing. Donations—gift horses sometimes—must be documented, shilling expertise from traditional areas of the gallery. Gifts must be displayed or stored in an already overcrowded building. Presently the National Gallery can show only a small proportion of its holdings, causing deterioration of paintings through storage and handling. And the Canadian collection suffers more. Of the few hundred David Milne, for example, only five or six hang. The whole Canadian department is in limbo as all three centers have left since Shih's arrival in 1977, and some of them has been replaced. Pierre D'Amboise, Jean Trepo and Dennis Reid had pushed the gallery to the leading edge in contemporary and historical Canadian studies, a lead now lost.

Soon Shih's horse-trade sleight of hand will merge all the contemporary art departments. With her prejudicial belief, so opposed to Rogers and the gallery's founders, that "the art of our times appears to remove itself further from the perceptions of ordinary life and people," the merger may mean the demise of contemporary European and American art in the collection and hard times for Canada. Ironically, a National Gallery retrospective of Michael Snow, a contemporary Canadian artist, recently inspired Borge to such actions. One of the works in the exhibition was a photographic homage to the gallery's Group of Seven collection. At least, as in 1880, Canadian artists knew that tradition and contemporary art are the same thing.

Philippe

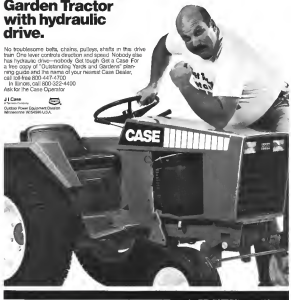
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For this is the law— and the profits

By Allan Fotheringham

There is not a little to be learned from a studious observation of how a society treats different sorts of men in court. White-collar crime still pays. If you're going to break the law, for heaven's sake wear your best suit (not to mention your best lawyer) to court. The suits are full of crumbly little men who do stupid things. They seldom are overflowing with those who do extremely clever, illegal things. Piled up with large amounts of money in one thing, but if you really want to stay out of trouble don't get caught stealing hubcaps.

Our illustrated manual on the matter features two men, both prominent in Canadian life. One is Clarence Campbell. The other is Jean-Claude Parrot. They have been caught in a blur of headlines, their troubles with the law spread over years of carefully worded newspaper stories. They went through the painfully slow legal system and emerged it was that are quite remarkable. It is useful to detail their experiences.

Clarence Campbell in his youth was a Rhodes Scholar. A lawyer, he was a special prosecutor of Nazi criminals at the war trials. He was, of course, president of the National Hockey League, for 20 years in all, finally giving up the post in 1977 but still retaining a connection with the NHL as an undefined "consultant" role. In 1975 the crowding TSN 60 from News Canada, Elmer Mackay, began asking questions in the House of Commons about the "Sky Shops affair." Sky Shops Export Ltd. had the lease on a duty-free shop at Montreal's Dorval Airport, where travellers buy all that cut-rate liquor, cigarettes and perfume.

Mackay had uncovered an intricate network of Liberal party activities paid to the question of whether Sky Shops was going to have its lease extended. Marc Lalonde, a well-connected member of Prime Minister Trudeau's staff, took an interest in the matter. Jean-Claude Parrot is a columnist for the *TV News Service*.

Marchand, then a cabinet minister, supported the lease extension. The central figure was Senator Louis de Gougeon Giguère, known to his friends as Bobby. He was the first Quebec appointment to the Senate made by the new prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, in 1968. He had been the Liberal party's chief engineer and head-master in Quebec from 1963 to 1970.

While still sen. president in 1976, Clarence Campbell was charged—along



with a businessman from Montreal and another from Princeport, Bahamas—with "illegally giving or agreeing to give" benefits to Senator Giguère in return for his influence with the ministry of transport in trying to get a lease extension at Dorval. Maximum penalty under the law was five years. Campbell and the other men, it turned out, came off better than that, but arranged a non-prosecution for Senator Giguère. As officers and shareholders of Sky Shops, they sold the senator \$200 shares for \$1 each (Pierre LeGrand, the former secretary and legal counsel of the company, said at the time of the deal "It stinks.") It certainly did, as Senator Giguère in a few months sold the same shares for \$20 apiece. His benefit for \$5,000 and sold for \$200,000. Not bad.

Clarence Campbell was found guilty in February. Mr. Justice Melvin Rothman of the Quebec Superior Court said: "An agreement to bribe a member of the Senate of Canada in return for assistance on a government contract is an

affront to the fundamental values of Canadian society. It must be denounced in strong terms." Campbell received a token one-day in jail and a \$25,000 fine. He served five hours in jail and—he is 74 and in poor health—was allowed to go. The 1981, it has been learned gave him \$50,000 even before his conviction to help with his legal fees. Senator Giguère, it turned out, was acquitted in another court of accepting the "benefit." Campbell was found guilty of giving.

There is then Jean-Claude Parrot, probably the most unpopular labor leader in Canada as head of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, the most hated union. His father spent 39 years in the Montreal post office. His grandfather worked there too. Parrot started mail at 18. He is an idealistic socialist who believes in inevitable class struggle. He is stubborn but sincere and has tried to put a modern face on his union's old union, leading up to the referendum and finally to the poisonous relationship with a series of incompetent governments, CUPW has been fighting the post office management for a collective agreement since 1977. Parrot led a legal strike which started on Oct. 14, 1978. Parliament passed back-to-work legislation Oct. 13, and he sent his people back on Oct. 20. He and four other union officers were charged under Section 115 of the Criminal Code for defying an act of Parliament. Maximum penalty is two years. Ten days ago, Jean-Claude Parrot emerged from jail after serving two months of a three-month sentence.

It is instructive to observe how society treats the Campbells as opposed to the Parrots. Parrot, in breaking the law, was doing what he did for his 22,000 union workers (Chief Justice Gregory Evans of the Ontario Superior Court called him "an honest and dedicated man"). Campbell was merely using his own pockets. One defied the government. The other bribed a member of the government system, the government party. Different strokes for different folks.



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